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CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

BY REV. T. G. LEWIS.

A man must know and be convinced of the truth of Christianity before he can accept it. Knowledge, therefore, is the foundation of all belief. After investigating the doctrines of the Scriptures, and his intellect responding to them, it is but one act to renounce self, which is repentance, and cleave to God, which is love. Then it is that a man, like Christian starting from the city of Destruction, with the celestial gate in view, starts on that road that brings him to Perfection. In this all evangelical Christians agree. But as to whether it can be reached in this life is a controverted point. Some contend that it can be; others, that while it is a state devoutly to be wished, one can only come into possession of it when he has crossed the confines of this life, both parties, as in all other controverted points in theology, proving their position from the Scriptures. The question is, Does grace so renew and elevate the soul that it can attain to perfection in this life?

The Arminians quote the passages that fairly imply the entire sanctification of believers. I Thess. v: 23: "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly, and I pray God that your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved, blameless, unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." And II Cor. vi: 1: "Having, therefore, these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." That these two passages point to perfection cannot be doubted. The only question is, When does the believer come into possession of it? Watson says that he must come into possession of it in this life, unless we hold to a purgatory or some other purifying state. He says, however (and with this admission we think he breaks down the argument he has been building up), that the final stroke that destroys our natural corruption is given at death.

Wesley had the true idea when he said that "the highest perfection which man can attain while the soul dwells in the body does not exclude ignorance and error and a thousand infirmities." Hence we see that, according to Wesley (and we think Scripture will bear him out), perfection and holiness are relative terms. When applied to God they mean one thing, when to man another. Take, for instance, the latter half of the fifth chapter of Matthew, which treats of murder, adultery, false-swearing, etc. Our Lord adds, after dwelling upon the evils enumerated, "Be ye, therefore, perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." That this is a perfection of degrees, and not of kind, is clearly brought out in the Revision. After speaking of the evils named, the chapter is closed with these words: "Ye, therefore, shall be perfect as your Heavenly Father is perfect." The conclusion is inevitable that, in so far as man strives to keep the law of God so far as he is perfect. That the so-called "holiness people," or "Perfectionists," have departed from the theories taught by Wesley is obvious. They have ceased to be Arminians, and are now Rationalists. The Rationalistic theory is stated by Professor Boardman thus: "It emphasizes Christian freedom. It teaches that the Christian life is deliverance from the law of works, is life in the kingdom of God; that men are not judged by social law, but by a law which the spirit that delivered them from the bondage of sin imposes upon itself. A fundamental principle of the theory is: Man raises himself above the nature of which he forms a part, extricates himself from the laws of cause and effect, and makes a law of conduct for himself. In this he makes himself an independent whole, over against the world, and of more value than all the world. In this new life, as a whole, he is perfect."

As can be proven in scores of cases, when a person gets into that position, it is but a step for him to deny the Church, and even the necessity of the atonement.

"Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord," say our Perfectionist brethren. Although they misquote the passage, the idea of the apostle is retained, but we claim that the word "holiness," like that of "perfect," is a relative term. When applied to man, it does not mean the purity of character and sanctity of thought that it does when applied to God. This will be clearly seen by comparing two passages of Scripture—Jer. ii: 3, "Israel was holiness unto the Lord." Dr. Cowles, in commenting upon the passage, brings out the idea that Israel was holy, in that they were the favored ones of God during the forty years of the wanderings. In Psalm lxxviii David, in his prayer, says: "Preserve my soul, for I am holy." The margin reads, "Or one whom thou favordest." Professor Alexander renders the passage thus: "Keep my soul, for a gracious one

am I—that is, a saint or a gracious one, a merciful object of God's mercy." These passages will suffice to show that holiness is a term of degrees, not of kind. If not, take the statement of Solomon in Eccles. vii: 20: "There is not a just man upon the earth who doeth good and sinneth not." The sweeping declaration of the Psalmist, "There is none that doeth good, no, not one"; and scores of other passages that declare the heart of man to be desperately wicked and deceitful above all things.

As to our growth toward this perfection, and the evidence of that growth, place in contrast the experience of the apostle Paul with that of our modern Perfectionist. When at Ephesus, on his third missionary journey, Paul writes his first epistle to the Corinthians, in which he says, "I am the least of the apostles, that am not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the Church of God." "No, Paul," says our "Perfect" brother, "you are wrong; I have a richer experience than that; I am living above the ordinary level of Christian life." After five years of toil and growth in grace, when the apostle was imprisoned at Rome, in writing to the Ephesians he says: "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." "Wrong again, Paul," says the other; "I thank God that I am not as other men are; I can look down upon the mass of Christians, because I am favored more than they."

Later on, when his work was well nigh finished, in writing to Timothy he says: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." "What nonsense is this you are talking, Paul?" replies the other. "I am no sinner; I am above that kind of thing. I have reached that point of perfection that I can't sin. Neither can I associate with the Church; there is so much sin in it that, did I belong to it, I should become contaminated. No, no, Paul, I am not a sinner, let alone the chief of the horde."

To conclude, Christian perfection, though it be the goal of the believers, so long as he is in the body, while he cannot reach it, every day he makes progress towards it, and, going thus "from strength to strength," he passes up to be with God; then, knowing as he is known, he begins that endless career of perfection in the Paradise of his Saviour.

Ogden, Utah.

FROM NEW YORK.

The Centennial milestone is up, after months of costly and elaborate preparation, amid throngs close upon two millions in number, led by the chief men in the nation, with sunrise salutes, nine o'clock morning prayers in church, chapel and cathedral, out-of-door orations and orisons, followed by military and civil processions, representatives of a large number of the States of the Union, made April 30, 1889, a day long to be remembered.

Never since the world began has any nation had ampler material for historical eloquence on a similar anniversary. No nation before this has made a century of such marvelous growth. The sun shines on no other section of such agricultural and mineral wealth. No other grand division of the globe has ever before been made to yield up from beneath, upon and above its surface so many millions of treasure, and the end is not yet. Religion and education have not only kept pace with this material progress, but they have made it to serve as a hand-maid and helper in the work of human enlightenment and salvation.

With a single exception this magnificent celebration was an honor to the men who planned and carried it to completion. By some means, for which we sincerely hope the Centennial Committees were not responsible, the Centennial ball came quite too close upon a Bacchanalian carnival. Chagrin is a mild word for the order-loving masses who will indignantly frown on the insult. Whether our National Chief Magistrate took the early leave he did, in manly self-respect, or for other reasons, is not known. Thousands are glad he was not a witness of the finale. Beyond that it may be doubted if any such gathering was ever more orderly.

Naturally, New York was the Eastern center of Centennial interest. It was here that the crowning act in our national experiment in the new republic was consummated April 30, 1879. But New York was only the center. Far and wide, east, west and south, the day was observed. We should be glad to give the numbers of churches opened for religious services on the morning of that day, in response to the heartily devout proclamation of the President. And what is better, these services were crowded with numbers and interest. All honor to George Washington, but all glory to God, was the substance of song and prayer. From hundreds of centers, heard from, come ex-

pressions of delight with the observance of the day spiritually. Over and above all the noise of the thoughtless, God heard the voice of prayer and praise among his people. And these are the ones who are hopefully asking God and themselves, "What shall the harvest be, of this century of sowing? There was never a steadier faith or a firmer confidence, and all the more because faith is on trial. Evils that menace national life, withholding from God what his growing kingdom so imperatively demands, have been putting faith to the test. Our national evangelizing work was never so urgent as just now. Individuals are coming up grandly to the work. If the opening century of our national life calls for any one thing more than another it is for a sweeping revival of benevolence that shall fill the land with spiritual joy. The saloon and the brothel must not be allowed to pioneer our civilizing work. It ought not to be true a twelve months longer that "there are 1,000 towns west of the Mississippi that have no house of prayer among them." "Retrench" the work of home missions and church building! Not for a moment must it be thought of. A round million is the least to be aimed at for each of the opening years of our second century of national life. The Atlantic Coast sends a fraternal challenge to the Pacific slope to outdo it on this line. L. H. C.

TEMPERANCE AND RECENT REVERSES.

"In patience possess ye your souls."

This is a dark day to earnest temperance workers. We had hoped for a "signal advance" all along the line this year in our cause. Instead of this, the news of defeat comes upon us from every quarter. A dozen cities in Canada, which had for several years back voted prohibition and enjoyed its benefits, have recently retraced their steps and have gone back "like the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire."

Rhode Island, which passed a prohibition amendment two years ago, now looks backward, and seems half-persuaded to repeal the righteous act. In New Hampshire Prohibition was defeated by 6,000 majority. Massachusetts, the land of the Pilgrims and the home of Beecher and Gough, has just defeated Prohibition by a vote of 45,000. And the end is not yet. Pennsylvania seems likely, from present indications, to cast a vote larger than them all against the cause we love. What the Dakotas, north and south, will do we dare not prognosticate. We shall be surprised at nothing now in the line of defeat. This is an off year—"a day of trouble and rebuke and blasphemy." And there is sorrow on the sea. At the headquarters of all our temperance tribes the flag hangs at half-mast, and there is weeping and fasting and prayer in all our camps. The enemy, on the other hand, is everywhere jubilant, triumphant and more insolent than ever. See how they clasp hands and send potions to each other, and praise the gods of drink and of gold, of Mammon and Bacchus! And what a motley crew make up this triumphant majority! Among them I see the bloated brewer and distiller, the wholesale dealer and saloonist, the politician, Democrat and Republican, who hankers after the liquor vote, those sixty-eight Massachusetts ministers and the whole army of tipplers and reeling drunkards, and nine-tenths of all the Republican editors, working in hearty concord with Democrats, to help perpetuate America's greatest crime and curse. Yes, and all the devils, too, go with them in this war, as they did a few years ago when they hounded on the South for disunion and slavery. Nevertheless, though cast down, we are not destroyed. We have not struck our flag, though it hangs at half-mast. We have a word to say to the enemies of Prohibition.

1. Your majority is not so big as you think it is. The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is in our camp, and he has a casting vote in this matter—a vote which will outweigh that of all the devils and their human allies. That he is with us is certain, for it cannot be that God is in sympathy with the brewers and drunkards, the tipplers and saloonists, the swearers and Sabbath-breakers, the unprincipled politicians, and the host of prayerless men who make up your crowd. You know it, and so do we. Suppose some one should propose a great prayer-meeting to ask God to prosper your party, would it not be the biggest burlesque, if not blasphemy, you ever heard of? But is their anything absurd in the W. C. T. Union praying daily all over our land for prohibition? No, God is with us, and we know it, and so do you, and don't you forget that fact in this hour of apparent success and boasting.

2. Your victories have been very costly. Another such, and you are bankrupt. Your papers, your political leaders and your party have professed to be in favor of temperance—would annihilate the curse if left to its vote. The temperance men in your ranks have be-

lieved you, and marched and counter-marched with you till the late contest. That undecieved them. They saw you belied all your talk, go over to the enemy, and, with them, rain shot and shell upon themselves and the temperance men. They saw you and the drunkards and the drunkard-makers in warmest sympathy. They felt your shot and returned it, and henceforth you and they are enemies. You have lost thousands of friends in these late conflicts in the States where your victories were won, who will march with you no more. And the voice of God is sounding as never before over both the great parties—"Come out of them, my people, that ye be not partakers of their sins and their plagues."

3. The card, high-license, on which you have staked everything, will 'certainly' fail you. Ask any of the cities and States where it has been tried, and, with united voice, their statistics testify that high license lessens neither the consumption of liquor, the drunkenness, or any other of the evils of this hydra of civilization. We tried to convince you of this, but you would not hear, but howled down our voices and persuaded the multitude. Now, your word is on trial. Sixty millions are looking for the results of the terrible experiment. In ten years the question will be solved, and the world will see who are prophets of the Lord and who those of Belial. No, gentlemen of license and liquor, every good cause has its days of severe discipline and darkness—days which test and bring out its strength of faith, of principle and fidelity. Before the crown there comes the cross. So it has been, and so it will be. But when patience has had its perfect work then comes the victory and the rejoicing. *The triumph of the wicked is short.* S. BRISTOL.

SELF-PRESERVATION.

As a rule, the country boys are better worth saving than city boys, for from them will come a larger proportion of the brawn and brain of the next generation.—From an editorial article in the *Golden Rule*.

We find in each generation that the leading business and professional minds in our great cities are importations from the rural districts.—Endorsed as "a self-evident fact" by the *Congregationalist*.

DEAR PACIFIC: Your city readers are not expected to relish the above quotations, which are not furnished for the purpose of causing any heart-burnings, but because the earnest, honest men and women of our city churches are ready to face any facts, and to seek to learn how they may be dealt with in the Master's name. As to the question of fact, that is capable of demonstration; at any gathering of the most influential (in right directions) men in a city, let the question be put as to how many of them were born to city residents, and the correctness of the quotations given will be apparent. If, then, the men who are to be leaders of affairs in the cities during the first quarter of the next century, are the country youths of the last quarter of this century, it is of vital importance what influences surround these country lads. And to no persons is this a matter of greater importance than to those present city residents who are there acquiring property, establishing what they hope may be permanent homes, and have a deep interest in the future welfare of the cities in which they dwell. Hence, as a matter of self-preservation, it is desirable that the members of our city churches make strong efforts to see that the gospel is carried into the country districts, and that the benefits of Sunday-school influences are brought to bear upon the youth in the remote and out-of-the-way sections.

Attention is called to this matter because "Children's Day" is close at hand, and it would certainly evidence not only sincere devotion to the Master, but a large measure of genuine wisdom, if our city churches were to give largely and liberally to the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society whose mission it is to visit through its agents every school district, and urge and assist its residents to organize and sustain a Sunday-school. Many of the men who, within the next fifty years, are going to exercise elevating or degrading influences upon the populous centers are to-day the urchins who are deprived of Sunday-school privileges and benefits, and who could and would be gathered together on the Lord's Day and taught the principles of truth and righteousness, if our Sunday-school Society should receive on "Children's Day" the twenty thousand dollars its Secretaries ask for.

E. F. D.

Some people are crying out, "Give us statistics! What more statistics do you want? The daily newspapers are full of them; both sides of the road to hell are lined with them; they face you day and night; they will not let you pass through this world without having your attention drawn to them. The kind of statistics that I want to see is a report of the fact that the whole Christian community has voted to annihilate the saloons."—Geo. R. Scott.

The Woman's Board OF THE PACIFIC.

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All contributions for the Young Ladies' Branch of the Woman's Board should be sent to Miss Grace E. Goodhue, Treasurer Y. L. B. W. B., 1722 Geary Street, S. F.

ON BEHALF OF THE YOUNG LADIES' BRANCH.

As a flourishing branch, we must ever be yielding more and more fruit. To accomplish this result, we wish to urge the organization of auxiliaries where there are none, and to ask the co-operation of any foreign missionary society not already auxiliary to the Branch.

It is probably well known to all readers of THE PACIFIC that the Branch was formed to support Miss Gunnison in Japan, and that last year the pledge was increased by a Broosa scholarship. Should this meet the eye of any young lady who belongs to a church without a young people's missionary society, will you not, dear sister in Christ, stir up that gift that is in you, and seek to arouse in others an interest in the Branch? Our Home Secretary, Miss Alice Monroe (490 Twenty-third street, Oakland,) will gladly furnish information as to the workings of the Branch, and Miss Gunnison's letters.

The next quarterly meeting will be held in Plymouth-avenue church, Oakland, on Saturday, May 18th. Will not all the local auxiliaries send delegates? Any members from elsewhere, or any friends of the Branch, will be most cordially welcomed. Let us not forget to water the Branch with our prayers, that the work may not be done for the work's sake but for Christ's sake, and that this Branch may abide in and draw all its life from the Vine! ANNIE DEERING, President Young Ladies' Branch.

FROM MRS. A. H. SMITH, CHINA.

[The following extracts from a letter from Mrs. Smith to her mother, Mrs. Dickinson, will be of general interest:]

As to our mission work, our skies seem just now very bright. In all these years there has never been such a sale for our Christian books. We have received several invitations to new villages, where we are welcomed with much cordiality. Our Woman's Station class, taught in a small building in our yard (of those outside our village), has been composed of the cream of our women, comprising some of the most refined and agreeable. Several of them are very bright, and they have all been amiable and grateful from the first. Many of them are women who have known of the truth, and who drink in very eagerly the Bible teachings. I have spent three hours a day with these women, and the Misses Wyckoff have done the same.

[Think how fortunate these Chinese women—invented to the missionary's home for a two weeks' visit, relieved of all care of houses and babies, with all their time at their own disposal, and their hearts intent upon learning about the Jesus religion!—E.D.]

This work with the Bible women has kept us so very busy, in addition to the village work, that we are going to take a week's vacation between this and the next class.

I try to put in almost every day a little work among the patients in the dispensary. Some of them are very interesting women. One day I told them that I was going to a new place, and asked them to pray for it. I found afterward that three—a woman who had had her foot amputated, a blind beggar, and a rich woman whose eyes had been operated upon for cataract—knelt on the *kaiing* (brickbed) together, and had a prayer-meeting. I wonder if it was that prayer by women just emerging into the first rays of Christianity that gave me such a rare afternoon that day.

Our native contributions are much larger than ever before, as we started this year a new system of careful pledges. The churches are sending out paid collectors. They are to return at the end of two months to report. They are full of enthusiasm.

A PATRIOTIC MISSIONARY.

[Miss West is the only American in Oorfa. The following extracts from a letter to her sister, Mrs. Pike, shows that she emphasized the fact:]

OORFA, Turkey, March 5, 1889.
"Did you observe yesterday?" It was a long time after Harrison was elected before I got the news. His picture, with "red, white and blue," has been hanging in our sitting-room ever since, and I have said that fourth of March we would have an old-fashioned "election cake." Consequently, Pastor Hazop and Brother Hcaaghim came in yesterday noon to

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lunch. The cake graced the center of the table, decorated with the national colors and picture of the new President. A knot of red, white and blue was gracefully tied to the knife for cutting the cake, and also to the napkins. Our conversation was upon the White House and its former occupants.

There are some remarks made here daily that would seem to you very strange, and sometimes our girls ask such strange questions. One was, "Does the President's wife eat with him?" One of our girls could hardly believe that a woman was the ruler of England.

To-day, as I was showing the picture of a railway train with the smoke coming from the engine, she exclaimed, "Oh, they are cooking their dinner!"

The girls' school numbers over eighty, now; too much for our (Turkish teacher) Yerter, to manage, and to-day we have taken into our own school seven of her oldest girls, the first class. Our little room is full, now. We thought it so before. I wonder in what way God is going to direct us the coming year! Oh, M., pray for Oorfa and this work among the young girls and women! One of our bright little girls, twelve or thirteen years old, can only remain with us till Easter, on account of her marriage at that time. They have begun to rebuild the seminary in Aintab. I have held two prayer-meetings, been in school all afternoon, cooked biscuits for dinner, and talked all the evening about accounts.

BAY CONFERENCE.

The Bay Conference, composed of the Congregational churches of San Francisco, Alameda, Marin and Sonoma counties, held a very pleasant and profitable meeting with the Plymouth Congregational church, San Francisco, on Tuesday, April 30th. At 2 p. m. it was called to order, and Rev. Dr. W. C. Pond was elected Moderator, and Rev. F. J. Culver Scribe *pro tem*. After devotional exercises the roll was called, and thirteen churches responded. Rev. T. R. Bacon, of Berkeley, very graphically described "Congregationalism as Connected with the Founding of the Republic." Rev. George Moor, D.D., gave a most interesting account of "A Century's Growth of Congregationalism." Many pleasant reminiscences were given in the discussion which followed. It seemed to be generally admitted that, as a denomination, we had not grown as rapidly we might, had there been more loyalty to the denomination and less readiness to adopt plans of "union."

The subject, "Congregationalism in San Francisco," was presented under two heads, "City Evangelization" by Rev. F. J. Culver, and "Through the Congregational Club" by Rev. W. W. Scudder. These topics were earnestly discussed by pastors and laymen, and the decided opinion prevailed that more united and systematic efforts should be put forth by the Congregational churches for the evangelization of our city. "Congregationalism and the Children" was presented in a most practical and instructive address by Rev. J. Rea in the evening. The ladies of Plymouth church received the thanks of the conference for their bountiful report.

Rev. George Moor, D.D., was elected a delegate to the National Council, and the Home Missionary Committee was empowered to fill the quota of delegates. The next conference will meet with the East Oakland church. Rev. F. J. Culver was elected permanent Scribe for one year.

SCRIBE.

GENERAL ASSOCIATION MEETING.

CHANGE OF TIME.

The following communication speaks for itself. If there is no serious objection made, the officers of the Association will doubtless order the change to be made: "At the suggestion of one of the brethren, I write you regarding the time of the approaching General Association. Learning that Dr. Dwinell delivers the sermon at the National Council, and that others are being elected as delegates with the expectation of attending the Worcester meetings, I am moved to ask that the General Association be postponed until November 5, 1889, if it can be done without compromising any superior interest. I wrote Dr. Warren, and his letter in response favors such a change. My reasons are: 1. A fuller attendance. 2. The brethren will have returned from Worcester, and can give us their reports fresh. 3. The weather will be much more pleasant here in November than in October, to the increased comfort of those who entertain and those who may be entertained. If you may be able to introduce the matter to the public, I shall gratefully appreciate your kindness. In behalf of the work, I am very truly yours, W. D. WILLIAMS."

A wealthy man, whose name remains unknown, has given \$350,000 for a Christian university in Peking, China.

THE CHURCH VERSUS THE SALOON.

And the Duty of the Church to Rise in its Majesty to Overthrow the Saloon.

BY REV. W. A. JAMES.

Reader, being deeply moved by the gravity of the situation, we address you with these candid, earnest words. We believe the time has come when all good people in God's clear light need to see eye to eye, so that, with combined strength and in the power of God, we may rise to overthrow the most appalling evil which now overshadows our beloved land. If the time ever was when any one ever thought the Church and the saloon were friends, and could live in peace with each other, *that time is past*. I refer to the true Church of Jesus Christ, and the saloon as it is and necessarily must be. I admit that a dead church, or a formal, Pharisaic church, or the church of Anti-Christ, which never does deserve the name of a church, might form an alliance with the saloon, and be at peace with it—but the true Church of Jesus Christ, *never!*

The Church and the saloon are different in their origin. Jesus founded his Church on unselfish love and self-sacrifice, to bless the world. Let the great liquor organizations ever remember, amid all their plotting and boasting, that Jesus himself has said that the gates of hell shall not prevail against his Church. But the saloon is satanic in its origin, and only exists because of selfishness and depravity. How has the saloon cursed the world! Its course is marked with desolation and death, like the on-sweep of the cyclone. Why need I refer to this, when your own eyes must have seen the work it is doing all about you? Most likely it has struck down some one or more of your own loved ones! And farther off it is decimating the Indian tribes of the West, and is destroying the islanders of sea. African chiefs are so appalled at the fearful work to native tribes of Africa, that they have recently been sending pathetic remonstrances against liquor importations from more enlightened lands. But what do men, supremely selfish, care, if only they can grow rich out of the accursed traffic?

In its very nature the Church is an unselfish organization, especially designed to help and comfort men, to relieve distress, to befriend the friendless, to succor the tempted, to shield the defenseless, to relieve the unfortunate, and preach the gospel to the poor. On the other hand, the saloon injures men, creates distress, victimizes and plucks the friendless, beguiles the innocent, tempts the unwary, plunders the defenseless, makes the unfortunate a prey, and willingly takes even the poor man's hard-earned wages, though the drunkard's wife and children lack for bread. Greed and selfishness start every saloon—the guided, palatial saloon just as truly as the lowest dive and dogger. Greed and selfishness incarnate stand behind every bar to gather in the dimes and dollars. Saloon-keepers grow rich by pandering to depraved appetites, just as brothel-keepers grow rich by pandering to unholy passions. In any legitimate business carried on in this world the buyer and seller are both advantaged and profited; but the despicable saloon-keeper is the only one benefited by his wretched business. You will often see in the cities wholesalers and liquor manufacturers holding their heads high above the low-down, retail whiskey-shop-keepers. But it is now a well-known fact that fraud and cheating are almost inseparably connected with liquor manufacturing. Talk about pure liquors—where can these be found? "Holland gin," "French brandy," and foreign wines and liquors of all sorts and kinds, are made all over the United States by cunning experts, whose trade it is to mix villainous drugs and concoctions so that these base compounds may taste and look enough like the genuine articles so as to deceive the public. And, if these vile concoctions of logwood, tannin, blue vitriol, and other poisonous ingredients out of which liquors are now largely made, only sell well, and the liquor-seller only grows rich fast enough out of others' woes and miseries, all is well. He exults in his increasing bank account, and rubs his hands with glee. This is the nature, the inherent character, of the traffic. It is the saloonist's business (legalized and sanctioned, to some extent, by some who are called by the Holy Name) to become rich by the manufacture of drunkards. Daily from my window I see a saloon-keeper riding by with his splendid turnout, while his children, elegantly dressed, drive their own beautiful span of Shetland ponies, bought with money which is the price of souls.

The influence of the Bible and the teachings of the Church tend to save human life and to lengthen it; but the saloon undermines the health, induces disease, and thus shortens life. A physician often can do little or nothing for a man pickled through and through with intoxicants, while a temperate man's body readily yields to the remedial power of medicine. The Church seeks, first of all, to have the man born again and the soul renewed by the Holy Spirit. It then seeks to foster and cultivate all that is pure and holy, and to curb and exterminate whatever is base and unholy. Enforcing the teaching of Jesus, the Church insists upon self-denial for one's own ennoblement, and also for the sake of others; but self-gratification is the root and mainspring of the drinking habit. This habit the saloon-keeper helps to make stronger and more ungovernable, till often it becomes well-nigh almighty. The Church insists upon the practice of

virtue, and by the most powerful motives, drawn from three worlds, would constrain men to rule their passions and appetites, and to grow up into the likeness of the divine and perfect Christ. The inevitable tendency and effect of the saloon is to intensify the heart's depravity. This is why the average drinking-man comes after awhile to trample with his rough heel so wantonly on the sensitive, breaking hearts of wife and children. It is the work of the saloon to deaden the conscience, which needs to become more tender; to weaken and, oftentimes, to almost destroy the will, which, perhaps, is already nerveless, owing to inherited weakness; to kill out the affections; to inflame lust; to set on fire all the dark passions; to nerve the arm to murder; to plunge the debauchee into suicidal remorse and despair, and into an untimely grave, as our newspapers are all the while telling us.

The Church introduces our young men into one kind of friendship and society, and the saloon into just the opposite. Even the distant voices of the Church, sweet bell chimes, the echo of prayers and sacred songs, of choirs and congregations, fall delightfully on the ear and serve to call us away from temptation, to check unholy thoughts, to calm the spirit, and suggest a better life. How much more blessed when we heartily join in adoration and worship with the great congregation, and choose our friendships with the good! But from the saloon issue oaths, curses, and snatches of ribald and obscene songs. Within are vile pictures, card-playing, betting, and often gambling; or, it may be, half-naked dancing-girls are hired to increase the profits, and lure our boys to damnation, and hurry men into a libertine's hell, and into a drunkard's eternity, if not to prison and the gallows.

The saloon is a school where our youth unlearn the sacred lessons of childhood, and are taught by wicked companions to plot many a dark crime, and become adepts in transgression. The Church is also a school—the school of Christ—where we are taught to love the Holy One, and to imitate him who was "harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners," and to practice whatsoever is pure and lovely. The text-book of the Church school is the Bible; the watchwords are love, truth and duty; and the prizes to be obtained by every faithful scholar are a holy character and heaven.

You need not try to reconcile the Church with the saloon, nor endeavor to bring them into accord, because of the antagonistic and totally different relations of each to the home. The Church is founded on the family—on the home. All over Christendom Christ, through his Church, is creating and greatly multiplying homes in which peace, contentment and joy dwell as permanent guests. In these consecrated Edens (the most like heaven of any places under the canopy) are nurtured all the innocencies and graces and loving kindnesses, which serve, so far as men employ them, to restore the paradise lost, and to people the world again with redeemed beings. Deeply should we hate and abhor the saloon, because it does more to break up and desolate the home than anything else—I might almost say, than all else combined. It were enough if the saloonist but took such vast sums of money from his customers while doing them only harm; enough if he but burdened the town, city and State with such great and unnecessary taxes to support his paupers and criminals. But this is not by any means the chief harm he does. With his customer's help, he strikes down and ruins the man, and thus the home is blasted. When the saloon-keeper turns his old patron into the street, to go reeling at midnight into his home (home? what a name for it!) he is not dealing with the same man who came, years ago, to drink his jolly first glass. The man is greatly changed, and his home has changed as much as he has. The bar-keeper has helped to rob the man of his self-respect, of his character, and of his manhood, so that his customer cannot be the same man he was when he plighted his troth and wedded his wife. To a greater or less degree, he has lost his finer feelings and nobler sensibilities. Hardly realizing it himself, he has become brutal and carnal. Gradually, he has become a moral wreck and a physical wreck at the same time. Do you think the home of such a man, whether it has mean or elegant furniture, can be a refuge from care, the dwelling place of joy, the sweet haven of rest it used to be? Can the wreck of a man still be a good husband and father? Think you his children can still revere him and honor him as of yore? How can we help rising in our resistless might against the saloon curse and the Mormon infamy when we see them introduce the serpent into earth's holiest places, and make hells out of miniature heavens?

The work of the saloon antagonizes the work of the Church and of the minister. The ascendancy of the saloons in a place means the circumscribing, or, it may be, the defeat of the Church in that place; and the complete triumph of the Church will surely secure the overthrow and extermination of the saloons. The saloon disqualifies drinking men from thinking about duty, salvation, God and holiness. In so far as reason is dethroned, and the mind and conscience are stupefied, by drink, the work of the Church is precluded. Why is not the Church of the living God alive and awake to the exigency of the hour? What is the Church of Christ going to do in regard to the liquor business? Do they think wrong is eternal and that Christ's kingdom will never come? It seems to me the Church must be one of

two things—either divide the village or town, and cruelly and wickedly give over a portion of the inhabitants to the wreck and ruin of the saloon, or the Church must wage a holy and relentless war on the saloon and exterminate it. If our eyes were only wide open, we should see that there is something supremely ridiculous in the attitude of Christian people, who weep, and work, and plead, and pray, and wear themselves out in rescuing the tempted and saving the fallen, and yet do not go forward like clear-headed, resolute men, to stop the accursed traffic. The efforts put forth in Iowa and Kansas show that the liquor power can be overthrown, if the people so decree. The work of reformation without question is good, it is Christian; but the work of prevention is infinitely better. Ten thousand rose-water and cologne bottles might perceptibly perfume the air, reeking with the effluvia of a decaying carcass. But would not any one say it is vastly better to take the carcass away to the dumping-ground, or burn it in some Gehenna? Suppose you knew of a rickety bridge across some mighty, raging cataraet, over which multitudes were constantly surging. Just below it a little way you saw the kind-hearted, at great peril, plunging in to save human life. "Bravo!" you would say. "What noble work these rescuers are doing!" Nay, rather say, "What fools!" If they do not, after long years of toil, trace the danger to its source, repair the rotten bridge, and end the needless peril! It is a burning shame and a deep disgrace to the Church to be everlastingly and contentedly employed in rescuing the wretches of men, which the saloons have caused, when it is possible to throttle the saloon, and save the innocent, rosy-cheeked boys from this peril and curse by a grand uprising of all good people!

It is now generally admitted that the millions who compose the Christian churches of America, together with large numbers besides who would gladly act with them, could, if they would, put Prohibition into the Constitutions of the different States, and into the Federal Constitution. But, strange to say, we who are America's uncrowned kings and have the power of the ballot, allow ourselves to be handicapped by this wretched license business. Your level-headed and common-sense Christian people in village and city could not be induced to authorize 50 or 100 infidel clubs to sap the foundations of faith and to defeat the work of the Church. You decent, moral people would not license 50 or 100 gambling-hells or houses of assignation and ill-fame. Indignantly you would say: "Infamous! Never, till the day of judgment will we favor raising our city revenues by sanctioning vice and legalizing crime!" But how does custom blind our eyes and money stupefy our consciences? Custom makes it easy for us to create saloons for so much blood-money to defeat the holy saving work of Christ. For so much bribe-money we deliberately throw over the saloon the sacred shield and protection of law! For so much hard cash we permit the saloon to manufacture drunkards out of our young men and boys, or cut of other people's boys, when every sensible man knows that the saloon ought to be outlawed now, henceforth, and forever!

It is very kind in your Christian people to try yourselves out year after year in trying to reform these wrecks so cruelly and needlessly made. Tell me, how long will you continue patiently to do this work? Are you willing meekly to keep doing it all the years of your mortal lives? Could you not find time also to attend to some of the other work of the saloons, clean their spittoons, wash their glasses and wipe their floors after the spree of their drunken carousals? Say, will your patience never, never become exhausted? Will you never ask if there is not some more effectual way than license to prevent this wreck of boys and men, this yearly holocaust of 60,000 souls? But some attempt to silence our earnest call to action by saying, "Half a loaf is better than no bread." What does this expression mean? Bread is the staff of life—an unmitigated blessing—but the saloon is an unmitigated abomination. Why then speak of bread and the saloon in the same breath? They reply, "We mean that it is better to have 50 saloons rather than 100." But are not the 50 saloons that by the high-license law have the monopoly of the vile liquor traffic just like the other 50? Don't they do the same infernal work, and do it just as effectually? We know they do. One-half of this loaf, then, is just as vile, and just as deadly as the other half. What, then, in the name of all that is great and good, are they talking about who say that half a loaf is better than no bread?

It follows that, if the saloon thus antagonizes Christ's Church, and is the implacable foe of our precious boys, and is the deadliest enemy of the home, on which both Church and State are resting, that no loving parent, no true Christian, no decent church member and no true patriot will, either directly or indirectly, favor the saloon. To license the saloon, whether by license however high or low, is to legalize it and help it to do its fearful, damning work. What difference does it make whether I put the cup to my neighbor's lips and make him drunk, or authorize the saloon-keeper to do it? Let not custom blind our eyes, or sing our consciences to sleep with quieting lullabies. Without the basest hypocrisy, we cannot say with one breath that we love the Church, and favor the saloon with the next breath; with one hand uphold the Church, and the saloon with

the other. Thomas Jefferson said he trembled for his country when he reflected upon human slavery, and remembered that God is just. Surely, we may well tremble if we indefinitely postpone to do our high and sacred duty towards the saloon, and incur the deep guilt of such terrible omission. The state of the cause, as well as the providence of God, call for courageous, heroic, united and unselfish action. Shame! shame! if Christians are recreant to duty in such an eventful hour!

BAPTIST YEAR BOOK.

"The Year Book" issued by the American Baptist Publication Society Philadelphia, for 1889, has already been noticed in these columns, but it merits a further calling of attention to its various commendable features. It contains 244 pages of valuable information, having 20 more pages than its predecessor of last year. According to its careful showing, there are in the United States 32,900 Baptist churches, an increase of 1,009 over those reported in the preceding year. Baptisms are given as 134,563, a decrease of 23,810 from the returns of the year before. Whole number of members, 2,997,794; a gain of 80,479 in one year. The estimated value of church property is stated as \$53,568,502; annual expenses of the churches, \$6,218,383.12; contributions for all purposes, \$9,363,377.29. Number of meeting-houses dedicated during the year, 329; churches organized, 601. The whole number of ordained ministers is 21,420, of whom 438 were ordained during the year, names and places and dates being given. Ministers deceased, as reported, number 235, their names, residences and ages being given. Thirty-seven were over 80 years old; only one was under 30. Thirty-three ministers were received from other denominations: Thirteen from the Methodists; 4 from the Presbyterians, and 2 each from the Freewill Baptists and Congregationalists. There are 16,543 Sunday-schools reported, having 123,381 officers and teachers, and 1,158,625 scholars—a gain of 1,096 schools and 32,220 scholars. Of denominational schools there are 7 theological institutions, 34 universities and colleges, 32 female seminaries, 42 seminaries and academies for males and females, 17 institutions for the colored race and Indians, making a total of 132 educational institutions, with an aggregate of 1,089 instructors and 17,552 pupils, of whom 2,094 are preparing for the ministry; total value of property, \$19,676,379; amount of gifts in 1888, \$739,012; volumes in libraries, 443,471. The denomination owns and sustains 14 charitable institutions, whose inmates aggregate 632, with property worth \$83,000, and endowment funds \$392,792. There are 114 newspapers and periodicals published by individuals, companies and societies, exclusive of those published by individual churches, but inclusive of Sunday-school quarterlies and monthlies. Of these 21 are conducted by colored men, and six appear to be published in foreign tongues. Of the white churches in the South there are 1,171, 057 members; and colored, 1,100,393. The reported total of church-members in the United States lacks 2,206 of 3,000,000. Undoubtedly returns from 405 associations (200 colored and 205 white), whose figures for the past year do not appear, would easily go far beyond the 3,000,000. Counting all who practice immersion exclusively, the number is little, if any, short of 4,000,000.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF TEARS.

BY ADAH F. BATELLE.

Lorenzo, hast thou ever weighed a sigh, Or studied the philosophy of tears? (A science yet untaught in our schools.)

Tears are merely a physical demonstration of grief. Why we weep, who can tell, but that we do find such expression of sorrow a relief to overstrained feelings we know. Nature, it may be, gave this as an accompaniment to the troubles of this world. We cannot believe that our first parents wept while Eden was the abode of the sinless. It was after the expulsion that they first knew of woe. Tears are veils, thrown over the faces of the grief-stricken, softening the keenest pangs.

The sorrow "for those that here we see no more," for our own wrong-doing, and when we "weep with them that weep"—such sorrow is pure and holy. If there is anything that will erase or make less dark the heavenly records of sins it is tears of true repentance. As a rule, those possessed of fine sensibilities have oftentimes recourse to tears. A tale of distress or a sad sight touches the heart and fills the eyes. A sympathetic spirit that thus involuntarily responds to another's sorrow gives us glimpses of a divine attribute exhibited by human nature.

"Weeping for another's woe, Tears flow then that would not flow If the trouble were our own."

Such tears are not unrecorded—are not forgotten even on earth, where so much that is good passes from recollections that retain evil memories. "The philosophy of tears" is of the sort that flesh and blood hath not revealed. Let us remember that "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," and "they that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

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Like a cradle
Silent, per-
Like a moth-
On the lit-
Hangs the g-
Jarless, no
Falls the lig-
Down and
And as feel-
Toss and
Are the on-
Holds the
So when w-
By our
Then it is th-
Holds us c-
O great Hea-
Cannot his-
Will not we-
In our dea-
Love Divine!
Only moth-
Cost of love
Gave a Son-
A BIRTH
BY E-
It is a great
people do not
their birthda-
to the contrary
ma Morris aw-
old arm-chair
bewildered war-
happy time sh-
no existence
sighed wearily
her glasses that
took them off
worn handker-
Dear old
such a happy
when she had
and lovely h-
awakening!
a great gulf w-
gent, now "ou-
Slow tears t-
the poor old h-

Home Circle.

LIKE A CRADLE.

Like a cradle rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro—
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below—
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow;
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best—
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

O great Heart of God! whose loving
Cannot hinder be, nor crossed;
Will not weary, will not even
In our death itself be lost—
Love Divine! of such great loving
Only mothers know the cost,
Cost of love which, all love passing,
Gave a Son to save the lost.

—Saxe Holm.

A BIRTHDAY SURPRISE.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

It is a great mistake to think that old people do not care to be remembered on their birthdays; they do care—however to the contrary they may appear. Grandma Morris awoke from her nap in her old arm-chair, and looked around in a bewildered way. Then, realizing that the happy time she had been enjoying had no existence outside of dreams, she sighed wearily, and a mist so obscure her glasses that she could not see. She took them off, wiping them on an old worn handkerchief, wiping her eyes, too.

Dear old grandma! She had had such a happy dream of old, happy days when she had been queen of a bright and lovely home. But ah, the rude awakening! Between the then and now a great gulf was fixed—then queen regent, now "outlived her usefulness."

Slow tears trickled down the aged face, the poor old heart was sore and bleeding with loneliness. She wiped the tears away again, and raised her eyes to the one window, but there was no hope of cheer there—nothing but the blank wall of a neighboring house.

"If there was only something to see," she said yearningly, "it would be easier to wait until He calls."

But neither outside nor inside was there anything particularly attractive—outside the bleak wall, inside a few comforts and no luxuries; not a picture on the wall, not a vase or a flower.

"In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you." Grandma's quivering lips were saying the words, "I shall be glad when he calls me, so glad!"

Sounds of mirth were wafted to her ears, for although you may have inferred that Grandma Morris was alone in the world, it was not so. She lived with a married son in a comfortable home furnished with many luxuries, the latter, unfortunately, not falling to her share.

Daniel Morris was a good man in many respects, but had not moral strength enough to rebel when his wife said: "The little back room on the second floor is a good place for grandma."

A daily paper lay on a chair in front of grandma. She picked it up and looked at the date.

"The sixteenth of January," she said, "To-morrow will be my birthday."

The memory of past birthdays trooped through her brain, long-ago birthdays before she grew so old that her family forgot she had ever been born.

"It would be nice to have something," she said wistfully; some little thing to show I'm not forgotten; but then—then, I can't expect anything because—because—I am forgotten."

It was pitiful to see the quivering of the aged lips, the tremulous folding and unfolding of the withered hands. Finally the hands clasped firmly, and from the lonely heart a prayer went up to the Friend who never forsakes, the Friend above all others.

"My treasures are there, dear Lord, waiting in the mansions prepared; let me be satisfied without having any here."

Meanwhile down stairs two boys were frolicking in the pretty dining-room. In the library sat the mistress of the house embroidering a table spread. She was aroused a little later by her young daughter, who rushed in, threw off her wraps, and flung herself excitedly into a chair beside her mother, who said:

"Why, Sadie, child, what is the matter? You have the effect of a small cyclone."

"I want to have the effect of a big cyclone," Sadie said earnestly.

"I want to have a revolution in this house. Mamma, do you suppose there ever was such another selfishly cruel family as we are in the whole world?"

"I am sure I don't know what has come over you, Sadie, you act like a person who is losing her mind," Mrs. Morris spoke anxiously.

"More like a person who is just finding her heart, I trust," her eyes filling with tears. "I've just come from Mrs. Snow's; they're celebrating Grandma Snow's eightieth birthday, and it will be our turn to-morrow. Grandma Snow said that Grandma Morris would be eighty to-morrow. Just think what a shame—we never knew it nor cared to know it," her tears falling thicker and faster; "and if I should live to be a mother and a grandmother, I shouldn't want my children and grandchildren to be as cruel as we have been. Oh, mamma! why have we been so cruel? Why did we give grandma that forlorn old room, where she can't see anything or anybody passing? Why can't she have my room? I'd be willing to take hers

if you can't spare me a better one. Why can't we be good to poor, dear old grandma?"

"I am sure I have never wanted to be anything else but good to grandma," answered Mrs. Morris thoughtfully, "but I see now I have not been good, only selfish, oh, so selfish!"

Tears started to her eyes, too, and the boys, who had left their play at the sound of Sadie's excited voice, and had entered the library, softly approached their mother, the elder saying:

"Why can't we be good now, mamma? Tisn't too late, is it?"

"Better late than never," responded Sadie hopefully, wiping away her tears and preparing for action.

After a restless night, during which retrospection brought many beautiful pictures to Grandma Morris, she fell asleep in the wee sma' hours. Sadie, entering her room a little after daybreak, found her thus. On the wrinkled cheeks were traces of tears, and a look of sadness pervaded her whole countenance.

"Treasures in heaven, treasures in heaven," murmured the aged lips. "I'll find them there, dear Lord. I'll be patient."

This was too much for Sadie. She stole out as noiselessly as she had entered, and in her own room fell upon her knees, sobbing: "Poor, dear old grandma, dreaming about treasures in heaven, and has none upon earth to think about; not one, not even one. We've been so mean, so dreadfully mean."

Her eyes were full of remorseful tears when her mother's voice summoned her.

"Come, Sadie," she said, briskly; "if we're to surprise grandma, it is time we were getting ready."

Sadie responded to the call. An hour later she again entered the old lady's room. This time the faded eyes were open and look up deprecatingly. Sadie observed this look with a pang of remorse; for, although accustomed to giving some slight assistance to her grandmother in the morning, she had hitherto given it reluctantly. But grandma's expression changed quickly as Sadie said gently, "I wish you a very happy birthday, grandma," kissing softly the tear-stained cheek as she spoke.

Grandma choked back something, as she answered brokenly, "Thank you, dear, it was very thoughtful of you to remember."

Sadie was very near breaking down again.

"Don't," she begged; "don't heap coals of fire on my head by speaking so gently. I wish you would scold me, grandma; scold me as I deserve."

"My dear child"—grandma spoke still more gently, her heart being strangely stirred at the emotion of her hitherto cold grandchild—"why should I wish to scold you? I wish you only happiness, dear, only happiness."

"Forgiving, dear old soul," was Sadie's mental comment as she dropped on her knees by the bedside of the Christian woman, who did not realize that more hot coals were falling from her compassionate soul on the head of the repentant child.

"Of course, I know that's what you wish me," she asked, huskily; "only happiness, and that's what I wish you, too, and I'll show you I mean it."

It was pathetic to see the look, half expectant, half deprecating, on grandma's face as she dressed herself for breakfast that morning. Sadie brought out her best cap and only respectable gown, an old brown cashmere, saying, "Wear these, grandma, because it's your birthday."

"The child does care for me, after all," was the happy burden of the old lady's thoughts. When she entered the dining-room, the sudden joy which came to her almost blinded her. Daniel, her son, met her first. His voice was heavy with emotion as he pressed her hands, in which the life-blood ebbed slowly, between his warm, strong ones, and said, "I wish you a very happy birthday, mother, dear!"

"Mother, dear—mother, dear!" the words echoed and re-echoed in her brain. Oh, how long—how long—it had been since Daniel had last said those precious words, "mother, dear!" Then he, too, pressed his bearded face close to hers for a brief moment—a moment to her so happy that it seemed as if she had entered heaven while here upon earth.

Then her son's wife kissed her, and wished her, with a fond smile, a happy birthday. She looked into her daughter-in-law's face, and saw there an expression she had never seen before. It bodied her only good. The two little boys came in like small whirlwinds.

"Grandma," said Ned, "there's a box full of silk handkerchiefs—the prettiest you ever saw. I earned the money to buy 'em all by myself. Hurrah for your birthday!" he kissed his grandmother vehemently.

"Grandma," said Carl, the younger, "I didn't have so much money as Ned, but I took all I had to get your present; there it is—ain't it a beauty?" unfolding what looked like a bundle of fleece, but which proved to be a tasteful little shawl for grandma's rheumatic shoulders. He, too, kissed her warmly.

Grandma's lips were white now, but not with pain—no, thank God, not with pain.

"Bless you, children," she said, dropping her eyes and folding her hands. "Bless you all," her lips quivering.

For some reason, although there was a very appetizing breakfast, there was not much eaten, and directly afterward grandma was led by Sadie into a sunny room opening into the library.

"This is your room henceforth, grandma, dear. Do you think you will like it?" she asked.

"Think she will like it?" Ask a faithful but weary and heavy-laden soul if it thinks it will like heaven. Such a charming room, light and warm and beautiful! A fire sparkled in the open grate, a bunch of carnations bloomed in a pretty vase; there were pictures on the walls and books on the tables. In one corner stood a small brass bedstead.

"Papa brought home this bedstead last night," explained Sadie, "and this easy chair and stool, too, for your birthday. And this charming little stand is from me; it is for your Bible right here beside your chair, don't you see? And the flowers are from mamma; she said she remembered hearing you say a long time ago that carnations were your favorites. And you're to have this dear little room, where you can look right out on the street, all to yourself, and be by yourself when you want to be, and be with us when you want to be."

Grandma could not speak; she tried to, but her voice choked and slow tears ran down her cheeks; in her heart, however, a prayer went up—a prayer of gratitude.

"Treasures there and treasures here," was the burden of her happy thought. "Oh, Lord, how good thou art to thy weary child!"

The day, begun so beautifully, continued in joy. After an afternoon nap grandma awoke with a smile on her face. Sadie was holding up a new wrapper, soft, dark surah silk lined with dark blue quilted satin.

"Isn't it beautiful? I can hardly wait to see you in it. Papa sent it up, and he wants you to wear it. Grandma Snow is coming to tea."

The aged lips quivered again, the faded eyes filled with tears.

"Grandma—Snow—coming—to—take—tea—with—me?" she repeated, slowly. "I am so glad—so glad; it is so long since I saw her last."

"Oh, grandma, I never thought you were so pretty as you are," Sadie said, delightedly, as the last gentle touch was given to the old lady's toilet. Ah, happiness is a wonderful beautifier; it smooths out wrinkles and brings smiles; it illuminates even fading eyes; it stirs and thrills even aged hearts.

A flush overspread the dear old face; her granddaughter's pleased words warmed her through and through. But we need not linger over the rest of the day. You can imagine the happy meeting of two old friends, each having reached her four score. At bed time, Sadie found her grandma sitting alone in front of the grate fire in her room. The fire-light fell upon the dear old face, no longer sad and lonely, but serene and peaceful. The silvery hair glistened against the crimson plush chair, the lips were parted in a happy smile.

"A penny for your thoughts, grandma," Sadie said, sitting down at her feet.

"I was thinking," the aged voice was tremulous, "how good God is, and how good you all are."—Northern Christian Advocate.

KEEP THE CHILDREN'S FAITH.

Mothers, don't destroy your children's faith in you by not keeping your promises to them, no matter how trifling they may seem. The simple childish faith they place in you should be a reason, if there were no other, for keeping a promise once made. The child may doubt every one else, but will believe the mother. A child's faith is, involuntarily, born of weakness and conscious dependence, and his mother is his law and gospel. But let a child once distrust the word of his mother, and he loses forever his simple childish faith. It is a shock that his tender sensibilities never recover from, and often a cruel disillusion that makes him ultimately perhaps a cynic.—Detroit Tribune.

Omaha medium: "Was it you who played the accordion?"

Spirit: "Yes, did you like the selections? The beautiful air is called on earth 'Tommy, Make Room for Your Uncle.'"

"Oh, it was delightful! Did you have any assistance?"

"No."

"Did you make all that screeching on the trumpet yourself?"

"Every note of it."

"And was it you who played 'Yankee Doodle' on the flute?"

"Yes, and it was I who gave the 'Fisher's Hornpipe' on the fiddle."

"Wonderful! I suppose you were fond of music when on earth?"

"Very."

"By the way, what was your name when in the body?"

"Beethoven."—Exchange.

THE BEST TIME TO BATHE.—It is best to bathe just before going to bed, as any danger of catching cold is thus avoided and the complexion is improved by keeping warm several hours after leaving the bath. A couple of pounds of bran put into a thin bag, and then into the bathtub, is excellent for softening the skin. It should be left to soak in a small quantity of water several hours before being used. The internal aids to a clear complexion are most of them well-known, and the present season is the best for a thorough cleansing and purifying of the blood. The old-fashioned remedy of sulphur and molasses is considered among the best. Charcoal powdered and taken with water is said to be excellent, but it is most difficult to take. A strictly vegetable and fruit diet is followed by many for one or two weeks.—The London Lancet.

Farm and Household

THE SECRET OF HEALTH:—

Don't worry.
Don't hurry. "Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow."

"Simplify! simplify! simplify!"
Don't overeat. Don't starve. "Let your moderation be known to all men."

Court the fresh air day and night.
"Oh, if you knew what was in the air!"

Sleep and rest abundantly. Sleep is Nature's benediction.
Spend less nervous energy each day than you make.

Be cheerful. "A light heart lives long."

Think only healthful thoughts. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

"Seek peace and pursue it."

"Work like a man, but don't be worked to death."

Avoid passion and excitement. A moment's anger may be fatal.

Associate with healthy people. Health is contagious as well as disease.

Don't carry the whole world on your shoulders, far less the universe. Trust the Eternal.

Never despair. "Lost hope is a fatal disease."

"If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

POURING TEA AND COFFEE.—There is more to be learned about pouring tea and coffee than most people are willing to believe. If those decorations are made at the table, which is by far the best way, they require experience, judgment and exactness; if they are brought on the table ready made, it still requires judgment so to appportion them that they shall prove sufficient in quantity for the family, and that the elder members shall have the stronger cups. Often persons pour out tea, who, not being at all aware that the first cup is the weakest, and that the tea grows stronger as you proceed, bestow the poorest cup upon the greatest stranger, and give the strongest to a very young member of the family, who would be better without any.

Where several cups of equal strength are wanted, you should pour a little into each, and then go back, inverting the order as you fill them so, and the strength will be apportioned properly. This is so well understood in England, that an experienced pourer of tea waits till all the cups of the company are returned to her before she fills any the second time, and all may share alike.—Selected.

OIL AND SULPHUR FOR MILDEW.—In a late number of the *Journal of Horticulture*, Thomas Meehan confirms the published statement of Mr. A. Veitch, of New Haven, in regard to the use of oil in plant houses to prevent and destroy mildew. Mr. Veitch's account of this method was sent to Mr. Meehan, then editor of the *Gardener's Monthly*, about the time that periodical ceased publication on account of the death of its proprietor. Mr. V.'s statement finally came to the public through the journal first named, and is to the effect that a paint of linseed oil and sulphur on the hot-water pipes is a remedy against mildew. Mr. Meehan says: "That it is a simple and certain remedy I can vouch for. I have seen it tried over and over again, and have no hesitation in saying that it not only prevents mildew from appearing in a plant-house, but will speedily stop its progress after it commences its ravages."—Vick's Magazine.

SALAD DRESSING WITHOUT OIL.—Boil three eggs for twenty minutes, take out the yolks and rub them very fine, add gradually one tablespoonful of melted butter and three tablespoonfuls of thick, sweet cream. Rub until light and smooth, add a half teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne, and a quarter teaspoonful of mustard, mix, and add one uncooked yolk, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, and a teaspoonful of vinegar. Nothing, of course, will, in a salad dressing, take the place of oil, and perhaps, if E. M. H. would add three tablespoonfuls of good olive oil, and omit the cream, she would like the dressing much better. I presume, in fact I know, the dressing you tasted at the restaurant named was made with oil, and about the same as this recipe I have given you.—Table Talk.

EGG SALAD.—Hard boil six eggs, cut them into halves, put each half in a salad leaf, and arrange neatly on a platter, or on salad dishes. Chop fine two olives, one gherkin, and a tablespoonful of parsley. Mix five tablespoonfuls of olive oil with two of tarragon vinegar, add a half-teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoon of pepper; mix, and add a teaspoonful of grated onion. Sprinkle over the eggs the chopped gherkin, parsley and olives, pour over the French dressing, and stand in a cold place about fifteen minutes before serving. The second menu is very simple, and will require very little management in serving. The angel's food may be nicely iced and put on the table in the way of decoration. The tomato salad and wafers may also be nicely arranged in the center.—Table Talk.

"MY SMOKING-HOUSE."—A man who lives in Albany, and whose business is that of a clerk, said that he had lately built a house that cost three thousand dollars. His friends expressed their wonder that he could afford to build so fine a dwelling. "Why," said he, "that is my smoke-house." "Your smoke-house! What do you mean?" "I mean that twenty years ago I left off smoking, and I have put the money saved from smoke, with the interest, into my house. So I call it my smoke-house."



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WEDNESDAY, MAY 15, 1889.

One day last week the new Government steamer, *Charleston*, just completed in this city, sailed majestically out of the harbor, and went down the Coast. Near Santa Barbara the vessel has been trying her machinery, and adjusting her parts, and preparing otherwise for that high-pressure test to which the Government demands that she shall be put before her final acceptance. All the indications are said to favor the largest success. We take some pride in this addition to our navy because she was built here, and because she will be likely to cruise among the islands of this great ocean, where our nation's power needs to be signalled in all practical ways—to prevent, if possible, such doings as those of Spain among the Caroline Islands, and those of Germany at Samoa. Any great commercial nation must have its armed cruisers in this bad world, if it would not suffer insult and loss. Nor will they be useless even when the millennium shall dawn, though armed with other than "Quaker guns." We wish to have it well known that wherever on our globe an American trader, traveler, or missionary, is wantonly harmed, an American cruiser's guns will immediately stir the wrong-doer's conscience into a shocking activity.

There are certain distinguished men here, members of the United States Senate, who have come on a high errand of investigation. They are to find the facts of trade, commerce, intercourse, and other relations between us and British America, that may assist in determining what the future should be, in the way of legislation, and whether it should look toward a scheme of annexation. We are glad to welcome these gentlemen to our shores. We are happy to show them the results of our toils, through the forty years of our great endeavor. It is not all that we had hoped that it might be, in some ways, but we are not ashamed of it as it is. If they can see with our eyes, they will see here an incipient empire, which at the end of another forty years will challenge the might of the great "Empire state" itself. If they could walk down some long corridor of time, and view the moving panorama of the forty vanished years (through silent hours of gazing), they would know something of the depressions and the exaltations of the more thoughtful and far-seeing actors in our history. But we have nothing more for them now than this bit of sentiment—

California, golden-sandaled,
Decked in robes of living green,
Flashing gems are in thy girle,
On thy brow a snowy sheen.

Throned upon the hills of beauty,
Flowers and fields before thee strown,
Waves thy hand in wide dominion;
Isles and oceans are thine own.

A few days ago we took up an Eastern monthly, which sketched the career of a man now the pastor of a New England city church. Among other things, it said of him, that he was liberal in the extreme on Church politics, and favored all sorts of "unions," both at home and abroad. "Ah!" we said, "he has been trituated under the wheels of juggernauts." And, sure enough, he had held brief pastorates of several sorts. Notably, he had been in a Reformed (Dutch) church and in a Presbyterian church. He had had his ecclesiastical affiliations weakened and worn away by the attritions of change and the frictions of movement, until, like an Oklahoma boomer, he had drifted around and pitched his "moving tent" in Congregationalism; as to him, a sort of "No man's land." And this reminds us that the chief promoters of the proposed "union" in Japan are the same stamp of men. They are former Presbyterians and Reformed (Dutch) men, who have gone into a league, have been joined by a few missionaries of the American Board, and are persuading the Congregational churches of Japan to merge themselves, and be lost, in a body that

lifts ministers into an "order," erects courts of appeal, armed with powers, takes from the body of the individual church the right of deciding who shall belong to it, and uncongregationalizes the ecclesiastical structure generally. What is most singular in the longings of such ministers is that, while they want a conglomerate Church, they never wish the mixture made in the orange-blossom honey of Congregationalism, but seek to absorb the Congregational churches in a fusion that burns the element of freedom quite out, and contains "clinker" enough to erect a sort of hierarchy upon. Were the Congregational churches of Japan but fifty years older than they are, they would be not only "harmless as doves," but "wise as serpents," in these times of their existence.

The writer of "Scenes from a Silent World"—meaning prison world—has fallen into the mistake of supposing that criminals are usually victims of their environment, or of their constitutional peculiarities, and that punishments are likely to be too severe. Capital punishment, in particular, she regards as neither deserved by the criminal, as a rule, nor as of any benefit in the way of deterring others from the committing of crimes. She rightly says, "The conviction that no case is absolutely hopeless, no criminal, however guilty, altogether impervious to good influences, is that which mainly sustains those who have to work among the inmates of a prison." Accordingly, good is to be done to the murderer who is susceptible of it, as he usually is. But no one disputes this; no one maintains that the murderer is necessarily the worst man in the prison, taken all in all; but he has committed the worst crime that society knows, and must take the severest penalty society can inflict. It is noticeable, too, that, when communities find ordinary penalties insufficient to deter highwaymen from their crimes, they raise the penalty to the death penalty, with salutary results. As human affairs go, the death penalty must remain, both for its general deterring power, and for a standard by which to grade the penalties of all crimes, according to their heinousness. Our humane and personal sentiments must not be so wrought upon by some remarkable instances of seeming innocence and lack of depravity, and strange provocation, as to lead us to wish the utter removal of the death penalty, when our cooler judgment and our general philanthropy constrain us to abide by it, as a legal and social necessity. There is always room for dealing with special cases in a special way, without constituting them a basis for the alteration of those general laws which go weighted with the sanctions of the ages.

Some reference was made last week to an article in the *New Englander* on "High Church Congregationalism." The article was written by Rev. Mr. Starbuck, who, though formerly as a member and missionary connected with our churches, and now the working editor of the *Andover Review*, has been for some time a communicant in the Episcopal Church. It is not very hard for such to discourse against the fidelity which a polity owes to itself. We were amazed to see that some brothers had the confidence to suggest in the Congregational Club in New York city the other day that it would be a good thing to have a Congregational paper in that metropolis. We used to have, and then were brave days for the cause. But now, though we have many and able editorial writers there, supplying many homes with much excellent reading, yet they do not seem to see much in our historic and free order which it seems to them important to defend. To our mind, it is quite respectable if one does belong to any definite form of organization to hoist the flag of it.

A movement has been set on foot in the Congregational Union of England and Wales, at the suggestion of the London Missionary Society, to appoint a special committee to confer with the Directors of the latter Society, with a view of devising measures by which the Congregational churches may be brought into closer relations to the Society. This seems very like the movement now in consideration as to the American Board and the churches. The London Society greatly needs larger resources to carry on its work. Its income needs to be \$50,000 or \$75,000 greater each year than it is, in order to meet its present obligations.

It is a very hopeful sign that the attention of German statesmen, as well as of philanthropists, has been arrested strongly by the destructive character of the trade in liquors which is carried on

so extensively in Africa and other heathen lands. In the last four years nearly seventy per cent. of all the goods shipped from Hamburg to the West Coast of Africa was alcoholic liquors. Two mission conferences held in Germany have lately remonstrated with the Imperial Government to take some decisive measures to protect the natives against the imported curse. The fact is, what with Samoa and the late insurrection in East Africa, the ambition of Bismarck to make his country a colonial power must have been sobered. Power brings responsibility.

To every thoughtful mind it must be obvious that human beings are in this world for some moral purpose, superior to the ordinary business life—not antagonistic to those pursuits by which we earn our livelihood, but higher than they, and lending dignity to them, because they are the necessary means to the accomplishing of that high purpose. Such a purpose can be nothing less than character building. If we do not reach anything worth while in the growth and development of fine character, our life is, subjectively, a failure, whatever outwardly and fortune-wise we may have done. We cannot take with us the stage on which we have acted; we can only carry with us the character we have formed while acting, and by means of our acting.

A unique figure appeared upon the streets not long ago. The personage was Lord Lonsdale, in Arctic dress. This British military officer had been spending a long vacation, of more than one year, in Arctic explorations, as to the flora and fauna of the Islands. The story of his journey is this, in part:

"In August of 1888, he reached Melville Island, the farthest point north reached by him. From this he started across Alaska. His course was directed from Melville Island to the nearest point on the Yukon river, after reaching which he followed it nearly all the way. He had with him sixty-nine dogs and eighteen Indians, but so intense was the cold that during the journey all but twenty-eight of the dogs died, and several of the Indians were nearly frozen to death. He was obliged to walk over 1,500 miles of the journey across Alaska, owing to the depth of snow, which in some places was eleven feet, making it impossible for the dogs to drag anything more than the sleds with their loads of provisions. On the 10th of last November he reached the Russian Mission on the Yukon river. From there he went across to Neshagak river, thence to Bristol Bay. He arrived at Katma on the 12th of February, but owing to the thickness of the ice it was impossible for a boat to arrive from Kodiak until the 14th of March. He left Kodiak about two months ago."

Well, now, if a scientific interest can induce such a man to make such a journey, at his own expense, cannot a religious interest lead some one, who has money, to make such a journey? Who of us will go?

There is another set of "walkists" somewhere in the city, who are trying to make money out of the public, illegitimately. "They toil not, neither do they spin." They are as unlike lilies as gamblers can well be. They manage to be on the go over Sunday. They want to be stared at, it may be, but they want more the dollars of those who are eager to see vulgar mortals show their faces. There are animals (not horses) that might be associated with them in the race, on a kind of equal footing. Would the populace pay any less if a part of the animals on the track were of the long-eared variety?

One Presbytery in Virginia, belonging to the Southern Presbyterian Church, and called "Greenbrier," has overruled the General Assembly to take such measures as will protect the infant churches of Japan from the policy of union, so dangerous and disastrous. This danger and disaster are apprehended because the proposed plan of union ignores the formulated doctrines embodied in the Westminster Confession, as well as "the principles and modes of Church order which are found in the Word of God."

Miss Susan La Flesche, a sister of Bright Eyes, has been for the last three years pursuing her medical education at the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia, supported there by the Connecticut Indian Association. Miss La Flesche is a graduate of Hampton Institute, Virginia, where she gained the highest honors of her class; and her course as a medical student has been marked by devotion to study, by intellectual ability and by the earnest Christian character of all her work. On March 14th, with about thirty others, she took her degree, becoming thus the first Indian woman graduate of a medical college. After a year of study and practice as an interne in the Women's hospital, she expects to return to labor among her own people, the Omahas, of Northeastern Nebraska.

PUGET SOUND NOTES.

These have not been as abundant during the past six weeks as your correspondent would be pleased to have made them. Not but what there has been much that might have been said, but pressure of other duties has prevented the saying. Taking advantage now of an hour or two on a Sound steamer, I will mention a few items:

At the April meeting of the Puget Sound Congregational Club a constitution and by-laws were adopted, and the following officers chosen: President, Hon. A. N. Fitch, President of the 'Traders' Bank, Tacoma; first Vice-President, Rev. William E. Dawson of Taylor church, Seattle; second Vice-President, Professor O. C. Palmer of Steilacoom; Secretary, Miss F. E. Fuller, Tacoma; Treasurer, A. L. Manning, Esq., East Tacoma; Auditor, Lawrence J. Colman, Esq., Seattle; these, with Rev. Samuel Greene of Seattle, Hon. A. A. Knight of Tacoma and Rev. George Lindsay of Coupeville to be the Executive Committee.

The Committee of seven appointed at the first meeting of the Club on the matter of a Congregational university were authorized to select thirty incorporators, and these latter, upon meeting, selected twelve trustees, as follows: Rev. R. A. Beard and J. M. Colman, Esq., for six years; Hon. A. N. Fitch and Miss Cushman of Tacoma for five years; Rev. C. E. Newberry and Hon. C. W. Griggs for four years; Rev. A. P. Powelson and E. C. Kilbourne, Esq., for three years; Mrs. Brintnall of Steilacoom and Rev. W. W. Ferrier for two years; W. H. Llewellyn, Esq., and Rev. George A. Tewksbury for one year. Olympic University was the name given to the newly-born child, which it is hoped may speedily come to a noble, well-equipped maturity, with large possessions.

Rev. Thomas Sims, late of Valley City, Dakota, the pastor-elect of the East Tacoma church, has arrived with his family, and, with household goods, is occupying the parsonage.

Rev. George A. Tewksbury of Boston, pastor-elect of Plymouth church, Seattle, is expected to occupy their pulpit on the third Sabbath of June.

Rev. A. P. Powelson has resigned the pastorate of the church at Ellensburg, and is temporarily supplying Plymouth church, Seattle.

The Ellensburg church has called Rev. R. J. Mooney of Hinsdale, New Hampshire, and he, having accepted, expects to be on his new field about June 1st. An ecclesiastical council was called for the 8th inst. by the Scandinavian Congregational church of Tacoma, convened at 7:30 o'clock of the evening of that day at their house of worship in that city, for the purpose of the ordination of Brother Cecilus O. Torgesen to the gospel ministry. Rev. Samuel Greene was chosen Moderator and Rev. Thomas Sims Scribe. After a thorough examination of the candidate the Council voted to ordain the brother in a brief public service; reading of the Scriptures and the ordaining prayer by the Moderator, charge and right hand of fellowship by Rev. Thomas Sims, address to the people by Rev. M. S. Hartwell.

Our Sunday-school workers are preparing to give Secretary Dunning of the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society a busy ten days in our Territory, beginning with the annual meeting of the Puget Sound Association at Olympia, May 21st and 22d, followed by half-day Sunday-school gatherings in Tacoma and Seattle, the International Sunday-school Convention of Washington and North Yakima, and other gatherings at Spokane Falls and Walla Walla.

On the 2d inst. a third church for Seattle was organized by Superintendent Beard, to be called the Edgewater, Congregational. They have invited Rev. M. P. Jones of Black Diamond to become their pastor, and if its six members grow to be forty or more, as quickly as did the same original number of our Taylor church, it can be counted, at least to that extent, a prosperous body. S. G.

FROM PORTLAND, OR.

Good news comes from Oregon City. The first Congregational Society of that place are considering the plan of erecting a \$5,000 church. Over \$3,000 of that sum has been pledged by members and Portland friends. Furniture and fixtures would swell the expenditure to fully \$7,000. Plans and specifications are now in the hands of the pastor, Rev. O. W. Lucas. The need of a new church edifice at Oregon City is great, and the church is peculiarly fortunate in having for a pastor at this time such a man as Mr. Lucas. In addition to his pastoral and ministerial qualifications, he is an architect of no mean pretensions, and well calculated to have general oversight of such an important work as erecting a new house of worship.

The Congregational Church at Salem, last Sunday, at the communion service, re-affirmed the Articles of Faith as contained in Roy's Manual. The pastor preached a timely discourse in the morning on the subject of "Forgiveness," which appeared in the daily paper the next day. It bore directly upon the terrible murder which occurred in the streets of Salem a few days before, occasioned by a grudge, followed by slander, hatred and a desire for revenge. The murderer and his victim have been residents of Salem and vicinity from boyhood, and were both brought up in the same Sunday-school, and had been in the same class. The sad affair has cast a gloom over the entire community.

General Beadle, recently from Yankton, Dakota, has charge of the Indian school at Chemawa. He is an officer of the Congregational Church at Yankton, and a trustee of the Congregational College there. He is an aggressive Christian worker, and will be a great help to our denomination in this State.

Rev. J. W. Harris still lives, and that is about all. It is now about three weeks since he has had anything except hot water. During the ten days previous to that, he could only take coffee and hot water, and for the ten days earlier he only consumed about three ounces of nourishment. His case is a marvel to the physicians of Salem. He is reduced to a skeleton, but he can cough, gargle his throat, turn over in bed and speak in a whisper. He has never uttered a word of complaint, and apparently has full possession of his mental faculties. He is happy in his Christian experience, and is calmly and trustfully waiting for the end of this life to come, which cannot be far distant.

At the church in Holladay's Addition three were received to membership, two on confession of faith, and one by letter. The congregations at the Corvallis Church are large, and a good interest is plainly manifest in all the services. Deacon G. Shindler of First Church, Portland, has presented the church with two fine upholstered chairs, which completes the pulpit and communion set. Book racks and a few conveniences are being put into the church. The Sunday-school now has an enrollment of 126. Seventeen new members will take the covenant next Sunday.

The First Presbyterian Church worship in their old edifice, corner Third and Washington streets, to-day for the last time. The chapel of the new church, corner Tenth and Alder streets, is ready to occupy.

The real estate changing hands in Multnomah county, mainly in Portland and vicinity, up to May 9th, aggregates \$5,288,908.37.

A great deal is constantly heard about excessive rains in Oregon. The reports of the U. S. Signal Service show that the rainfall from July 1, 1888, to May 9, 1889, inclusive, was 28.89 inches.

The Boys and Girls' Aid Society held its fourth annual meeting last Tuesday evening. Rev. A. J. Brown, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, delivered an interesting address. About fifty children are at present under the influence of the Society. Much good has been done during the year. About three hundred dollars has been paid out in promoting the interests of the Society, and there remains \$1,600 cash on hand. During the four years of its organization, it is estimated that \$5,000 a year has been saved to the community by the restraining influence of this organization.

Miss Kate D. Wiggins of your city will lecture here to-morrow evening in behalf of the Free Kindergarten. There are three of these schools in Portland at present, and from 125 to 150 pupils in attendance thereat. A most earnest and spiritual discourse was given us this morning by Mr. Clapp, from I Cor. v: 13, 14, 15. These words were a reply to his bitter accusers. The love of Christ constrained him to preach the gospel. By it he was a saved man. If he was beside himself it was for Christ's sake. The love of Christ ought to constrain all of us. The testimony of millions since Paul's day, attested by infallible proofs, testifies to the saving power of Christ. We owe him a debt of gratitude. Why? He died for us. Greater love cannot be shown. How can we pay this debt? Confess the truth of God's words, and unreservedly give ourselves to him. If Christ's appeals fail to awaken a response in us, we are dead. Eternal life is man's most priceless treasure. It is God's gift, and it may be had through Christ. Let us all pay the debt, by accepting his offers of mercy. GEO. H. HIMES.

May 12, 1889.

DEDICATION HYMN.

BY REV. A. K. CRAWFORD.

[Prepared for the dedication of the church in San Andreas.]
Between the golden cherubim
The priests beheld the sacred flame;
So we, by faith, look unto him
Whom we adore in Jesus' name.

As thou didst choose for thine abode
The Temple built by human hand,
So now, to thee, O Lord our God,
Our churches rise in every land.

We dedicate this house of prayer
To thee, great God of boundless love;
Though thou art worshipped everywhere,
In earth below and heaven above.

Lord, in this building design to meet
The hearts that meet to worship thee.
May our communion be complete,
Our worship perfect harmony.

Be this the vestibule of heaven,
To many a weary, sin-sick soul;
Here may we have our sins forgiven,
Be cleansed, be strengthened, and made whole.

MARRIED.

COMSTOCK—MOORE.—In Oakland, April 22, 1889, Archibald W. Comstock of Essex, Conn., to Harriet W., youngest daughter of Rev. Dr. Geo. Moore.

LAWRENCE—SALES.—In this city, May 3d, 1889, by the Rev. J. Rowell, Mr. F. F. Lawrence to Mrs. S. A. Sales, all of this city.

A quick-witted Iowa woman, noting the invention of a ballot-box that cannot be stuffed, exclaimed: "Now, if some one will invent a voter that cannot be stuffed with beer, brag or bribery, we shall have made a long stride toward better government!" An exaggeration containing altogether too much of truth for complacency.

Home Missionary.

Conducted by J. H. Warren, D. D.

Office, No. 7 Montgomery Avenue.

WOMAN'S STATE HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY

President, Mrs. M. L. Merritt, 656 Thirtieth-street, Oakland.
Treasurer, Mrs. J. M. Haven, 1329 Harrison street, Oakland.
Secretary, Miss Grace E. Barnard, 677 Twenty-first street, Oakland.
New societies being formed, please report themselves at once to the Secretary of the W. S. H. M.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

ORGANIZED MAY, 1888.
President, Mrs. E. Cash, 997 Temple St., Los Angeles.
Secretary, Mrs. H. K. W. Bent, Box 426, Pasadena.
Treasurer, Mrs. A. L. Bangs, 78 North Griffin avenue, East Los Angeles.

A WEEK IN CALAVERAS COUNTY.

It was our privilege to be in Angels Camp, April 28th, to assist other brethren in reorganizing our church there, a council having been duly convened for that purpose.

The local paper says of the occasion: "Angels Camp enjoyed a red-letter day, religiously, week ago last Sunday. Dr. J. H. Warren of San Francisco was chosen Moderator of the council, and Rev. A. K. Crawford of Mokelumne Hill, Scribe. Between twenty and thirty having expressed a desire to be united in church fellowship, and there being no church organization of any Protestant denomination, the council deemed it advisable to proceed to the organization. Rev. A. P. Field led in appropriate prayer. Rev. D. Goodsell of Murphys, read the confession of faith and covenant already adopted by the members to be united, to which they publicly assented. Rev. A. K. Crawford delivered a brief address, on the nature of the society to which the members were uniting, and welcomed them to the fellowship of the church. Then followed the most lovely scene of the day: Eight beautiful children were consecrated to God in baptism. After this the Moderator preached a sermon suitable to the occasion, followed by the Lord's Supper. At 2:30 o'clock P. M., a children's meeting was addressed by five speakers; and songs and prayer mingling, made it a tender time."

The services were held in the new church, dedicated over a year. Angels is now the most populous and stirring town in the county, owing to the rich quartz mines that employ nearly 100 stamps to work the ore. It claims a population of over a thousand, and new mines in the neighborhood will soon double or treble it. The church is under the efficient care of Rev. D. Goodsell, who finds his time and strength pretty well taxed in caring for Angels, Douglas, and Murphys, and portions of other districts.

In the evening of the same day, we had the pleasure of meeting the church in Murphys, and while there were the guest of Deacon Sanger. This church still maintains that interest in Christian work at home and abroad that has long made its name a praise in all our churches. The memory of Mrs. Roades is still cherished as that of a saint. We heard words of affectionate tribute spoken of the Rev. W. W. Pringle, who died March 31st, at his home in Pennsylvania, shortly after arriving there. The church is well united in the present pastor, and gives good promise of life and well doing. The New England element in that church from the first has been of advantage to its prosperity, and we felt new assurance "double strong" when our hosts informed us that such men as Rev. F. B. Perkins, Dr. J. B. Clark of the A. H. M. S. and others of like note, had been her pastors in the Jamaica Plain Church near Boston.

COPPEROPOLIS.

After a year of suspended animation, is once more giving signs of life and growth. The old Union Mine is being worked on a moderate scale, but indications point to a large reinforcement of men and capital. With this will come solid improvement and business.

The brick church, which in its day was a wonder and beauty, has been unoccupied almost wholly since the death of our S. S. Superintendent, S. White, and Mrs. Capt. Meader. Arrangements are made to resume regular services and Sunday-school work there, in connection with missionary work in Milton and Salt Spring Valley. Rev. W. H. Tubbs, for seven years pastor of Bethany and Bryon Churches, has been appointed by our committee a General Missionary for that part of the county. He will begin his work by helping Pastor Crawford in a series of meetings in San Andreas at once, and will then localize his efforts in Copperopolis and vicinity. Under his untiring industry, zeal and executive ability to organize and build up in the waste places, we confidently look for improvement in his diocese. The brethren will give him a hearty welcome by so much as they are in urgent need of such a fellow helper and worker.

SAN ANDREAS.

Has just felt the quickening of the meetings of the Mokelumne Association, full accounts of which are to be found in other columns.

The numbers were not large in attendance, the sessions being in the midst of the stormy week, but the interest never flagged for a moment from the opening prayer to the last.

The dedication of the new church was postponed from Sunday to Tuesday evening on account of the storm, and that service proved a fitting gathering up of the three days services, ending with the Lord's Supper. It was then that

seven or eight came forward and expressed their wish to unite with the church at the next communion.

The accession of Rev. D. Goodsell and Rev. A. P. Field from South California, and of Rev. W. J. Peters from Utah to the Association, as also that of Rev. J. W. Brier, Jr., now in Lodi and Galt, greatly strengthens this body, and when it meets in Stockton it will be an assembly that will be heard from. Mr. Peters is a new man to us, and is stationed in Modesto; but his first sermon impressed his hearers as a scholar of fine attainments and a strong preacher. He has the advantage over many that he is able to preach with as much ease and fluency in German as in English. He has already been invited to establish services in Oakdale, twelve miles east of Modesto, which he will probably do.

We hope next week to give a summary of the Home Missionary Committee's report (Mrs. C. R. Sanger, Chairman), which gives account of the supplies, destitution, needs, wants, etc., within the bounds of the Association.

As in so many other places in California, we found that this church work, even to the church building in San Andreas, has been done largely if not wholly by Christian women and their friends who are not church members. They are the Trustees, collect and disburse the money, make contracts, pay the bills, etc.

It is a credit to the people that they appreciate the work of such public servants by responding to their calls and honoring them with all praise and confidence.

SAN JUAN CHURCH.

Reports of Council and Association at San Juan have already appeared in your columns, but perhaps it will not be out of place to add a word, by way of emphasis, to what has been said so well.

The sessions of both Council and Association were excellent, producing impressions on the mind and heart not soon to be effaced. As Christians, we enjoyed the meetings thoroughly, and as a community, not less so. Indeed, all entered into the spirit of the occasion right heartily, each bringing something out of his treasure with the intent of insuring success in the highest sense. A feast had been prepared, and those who came to it found even their expectations surpassed. There was food for the intellect and the soul. And if there is any one who entertains the idea that such gatherings do not pay for the labor expended, let me say, Yes, friend, they do—a hundred times.

Our church work moves steadily on. Two persons have recently been added to our membership. Attendance at the services of the church is encouraging—that at the evening service having more than doubled within a year; and together with the efforts of the Sunday-school and the Society of the Christian Endeavor, we have reason to hope that something is being done in the community for the cause of Christ.

The Society of Christian Endeavor has done and is doing nobly. Within eight months this Society has raised twenty-three dollars for the A. H. M. S., and quite recently they purchased a number of "Peloubet's Select Songs" for the prayer-meeting and the Sabbath evening service; also presented as a gift to the Church a very handsome pulpit Bible. We would not omit to mention the valuable service, also, rendered by our choir, with Miss L. Cowles as organist, and Dr. C. G. Cargill, conductor. WM. ROGERS.

San Juan, May 7th.

FIRST CHURCH, TACOMA.

The First Congregational church of Tacoma, W. T., is having a very prosperous year under the lead of its very energetic pastor, Rev. M. S. Hartwell. During the past seven months the congregation has increased fifty per cent., likewise the Sunday-school. The Sunday evening service consists in a praise service for twenty minutes, led by an orchestra and a choir. This is followed by a sermon to a crowded house of mostly young people. The Y. P. S. C. E. has been reorganized, adopting the so-called "cast-iron pledge," and great results have followed in interesting and drawing in the young people. They have a large attendance at their meetings, and many participate in the exercises. The Constellation Circle, literary and social in its character, meets every Monday evening; this is for the purpose of acquainting the young people with each other. Last Sunday, May 5th, the pastor received nine persons into the church, making fifty-eight received since last October. Plans have been prepared to enlarge the present church, to double its capacity. The Society expects to expend some six thousand dollars upon the improvements. One practical and helpful feature the pastor intends to add to the church work, after the building has been enlarged, is to have a large parlor, reading and game rooms in the basement, for the use of hundreds of young men in this rapidly growing city without the influence or comforts of a home. This we believe is practical religion, and is to be commended to other churches in large cities. In many of our cities the young men have no place of welcome outside of the saloons. The churches in this direction have opportunities for great good!

A CHURCH MEMBER.

Dr. Henry H. Jessup, who has been thirty years in Syria, notes that the only two missionaries still living who were in the country before him are Dr. Riggs of Constantinople, and Dr. W. M. Thompson, who is spending his sunset days at Denver, Col.

Religious Intelligence.

PACIFIC COAST.

About forty persons were at the last Monday Club. Among the visitors were several ladies; also, President Bartlett of Dartmouth College and Rev. Dr. W. M. Kincaid, pastor of the First Baptist church in this city.

Rev. Dr. A. E. Dunning addressed the Club on "The Work of the Congregational Sunday-school Society," of which he is a Secretary. He said that seven years ago (about that time he was made Secretary of this Society) the Sunday-school work in our churches was at a low ebb. He then made a trip West as far as the Rocky Mountains, and on his return to Boston he stated that less than one-half of our churches had church Sabbath-schools. Kansas, with 212 churches, had only 56 such schools. They were interested in over 130 other schools, but they were union schools. Now there are only ten churches in Kansas which have not church schools. The condition in Kansas was and is a sample of the work in other parts of the country, especially in the West. Thirty thousand are now added to the membership of our church Sunday-schools annually, and nearly as many to the membership of our churches.

The Society's method of work is to plant Sabbath-schools at strategic points everywhere. The work extends all over the country, not only in the North and West, but in the South. The Society's aim is not only to extend the work, but to improve its character. It gives much instruction in teaching, holding institutes, where thousands of teachers assemble. The possibilities of the work are very great. Sunday-schools are gathered, which grow into churches. One-half the churches in Southern California have grown out of Sunday-schools organized by Missionary Case.

Rev. Madge, Chairman of our State Sunday-school Committee, asked about the intentions of the Society with reference to Central and Northern California. Mr. Dunning replied that student Wirt would spend the summer in Humboldt county in the service of the Society.

Dr. McLean rejoiced in the visit of Dr. Dunning to our Coast. Mr. Dunning said that \$200 had been handed him that morning from Dr. McLean's church for the work.

Rev. Frear thought the Society's way of working is the right way; that churches should grow out of Sunday-schools. A great difficulty with many of our churches is that they are not thus rightly gathered.

Rev. Belt wished that Dr. Dunning could visit more of our churches, and sit up all night with our Sunday-school Committee.

No missionaries are supported by the Society in New England, and Rev. Kimball thought we should not ask the Society to support missionaries in this rich State. We should do it ourselves.

Dr. McLean presented a resolution, thanking Dr. Dunning for his address, and the Society for sending its worthy Secretary to visit our Coast. The resolution was unanimously adopted.

Rev. W. W. Scudder is expected to present the subject at the next meeting of the Club.

Last Sunday Secretary Dunning of the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society presented "The Sunday-school Work" of that Society at Plymouth church to an attentive and interested audience. Rev. H. E. Jewett, now of Vacaville, preached in the evening.

Rev. C. N. Flanders preached at Martinez on "The Employments of Heaven." More young men are coming out to his services.

Rev. W. A. Tenney preached at the Golden Gate Church on "Walking in Christ."

President Bartlett preached in the First church, Oakland, on "The Importance of Strong Religious Convictions."

Rev. W. W. Madge's sermons at Haywards were on "A Christian Church Without Christ" and "How to Hear the Gospel."

Rev. S. D. Belt spoke to his people at Woodland on "The Duty of Persistence in Christian Labor."

Rev. W. H. Scudder is at Stockton on a vacation, and supplying our church there for this month.

Rev. A. L. Rankin's subject was "Care for Others."

Rev. F. M. Washburn's sermons in the Free Baptist church were on "What is Prayer?" and "Where Art Thou?"

Rev. Joseph Rowell spoke at the Club of a man he had recently met, who was born and educated here, who has never been to church or read the Bible. Rev. Aaron Williams said he had many times given the Bible to persons in this city who had never read it at all.

Rev. George Morris delivered a temperance address in the M. E. church in Alameda Sabbath evening.

Revs. Bickford and W. W. Scudder exchanged pulpits Sabbath morning.

Rev. G. M. Spencer spent the Sabbath with our church at Cloverdale.

Rev. H. H. Wikoff preached at Green-street in the evening on "One of Life's Ideals—Earthly Glory."

The First church at San Diego received twenty-two new members at the communion on the first Sunday in May. The pastor, Rev. J. B. Silcox, preached a centenary sermon, and a large congregation assembled at the church at 9 a.m.

Tuesday to celebrate in a religious way one hundred years of organized freedom. Rev. S. W. Delzell, formerly of San Jacinto, has started a mission which, if successful, will make the third Congregational church in this city.

The new church at Santa Ana received eight members at its first communion, Sunday morning, May 5th.

We are glad to report that Rev. W. A. James, now residing in Los Angeles, will write regularly for THE PACIFIC, giving especially religious intelligence. The people of Southern California are now likely to get additional and more frequent church news from their part of the State.

RIO VISTA.—On a recent Sabbath, Pastor Dexter made an appeal for funds to repair and enlarge the church edifice. It has long seemed desirable, and of late became a necessity, to add a lecture-room and Sunday-school accommodations. The pastor offered shares of the improvement stock at \$10 each. In a few minutes five took two shares each, six took one share each, fifteen took half a share each, and others added smaller sums, till the aggregate reached \$267.50. Then came a rousing doxology. Subsequently, the amount was raised to more than \$450. In the old "knock-down" town of Rio Vista the only thing that exhibits life and thrift is the Congregational church. W. A. T.

SARATOGA, May 10th.—Our little church received five persons into its membership last Sabbath—two by confession and three by letter. A beautiful new organ, as an Easter offering, was presented to our church by Mr. James E. Gordon. A unanimous vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Gordon by church and society. Yea, we are wonderfully blessed, both spiritually and temporally! We thank God for all his benefits.

The Woman's State Home Missionary organization will hold an all-day meeting in the Congregational church, Saratoga, New York, Tuesday, June 4, 1889, the day before the annual meeting of the American Home Missionary Society. All State organizations, working through one or more of our six National Societies for homeland evangelization, are cordially invited to participate in this meeting. It is hoped that there will be a large and able representation from each organization. There will be two sessions. The morning session will begin promptly at 10:30; the afternoon, at 2 o'clock. The morning session is to be a private, business conference of State officers only. Questions of the greatest importance are to be freely and thoroughly discussed. State officers of every rank will be admitted to it. To the afternoon session, all ladies interested in homeland work are most cordially invited. A rich, spirited and helpful programme is to be presented. Further information can be obtained by addressing Mrs. J. A. Biddle, South Norwalk, Conn.

At a meeting of the church of Antioch, 8th inst., Rev. W. W. Smith in the Chair, it was unanimously resolved to request the continuance of Rev. T. M. Oviatt's ministerial services another year. Also, the church and congregation convened after the morning service, May 12th, J. Rio Baker in the Chair, and Miss L. L. Guber Secretary; it was the unanimous vote of the assembly that Mr. Oviatt be requested to remain at his post. The action of the church is likely to be accepted.

Mr. C. W. Broadbent has been supplying the pulpit of the Sunol church since April 1st with great acceptance.

A COMPLIMENT.

HEADQUARTERS DIVISION OF THE PACIFIC, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., APRIL 18, '89.

DR. L. B. HART—Dear Sir: I listened with great pleasure to your lecture last evening on the "Battle of Gettysburg," and found it very interesting. Your description of the incidents preceding a great battle—the marshaling of contending forces, the anxiety incident upon the opening engagements, the spirited contest for the advantage of ground in the preliminary skirmishes and the intense excitement during the heat of battle, are all very vividly presented. I was especially interested by the faithful manner in which you so graphically depicted the spirit and action of the officers from the highest to the lowest; and your description of the soldiers, how they felt, how they fought and what they said—their patriotism, self-sacrifice and fortitude, was faithfully given.

It would not be possible for one to represent so accurately such scenes and incidents unless he had himself been a participant in those great battles, where armies are victorious or defeated, and the welfare of a great government was to be lost or preserved. Very truly yours,

NELSON A. MILES,

Brigadier-General U. S. Army.

Any one wishing to hear one or more of Dr. Hart's lectures can write to this office. The subjects are, "Battle of Gettysburg," "Accidents of the War," "Lee and Grant," "The Battle of Special Providences."

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has ordered that no stamps be issued to liquor dealers intending to open business in Oklahoma. It is claimed that Oklahoma lies within the limits of the Indian Territory, and that the laws prohibiting the sale of liquor in the territory apply in consequence to the Oklahoma section.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO.

CHILDREN'S DAY.

By vote of the General Association of California, the second Sunday in May is devoted to the children and young people of our churches, and the old First church always responds with joyful enthusiasm to the occasion.

The morning service was held as usual last Sabbath, and the pastor, Rev. Dr. Barrows, preached a most impressive sermon upon "Companionship," which was full of warning and entreaty to the young, and pictured to them the blessedness of communion with Christ, which may be their sacred privilege on earth and in heaven.

The service of the evening was unique and delightful, both in scenic effect and in the manner of presenting the sweet lessons of God's Word, which fell like pearls from the lips of the children and youth of the Sunday-school.

The organ prelude had hardly died away, when a burst of song was heard as the Sunday-school choir entered and passed down the broad aisle, followed by the primary department, bearing their banner, with its motto, "Christ's Little Ones," and after them came the long line of the main school and the large Bible class, taught by Mrs. Cooper each Sabbath in the auditorium, and also the General Howard Bible class, which receives the instruction of Rev. John Kimball. All were singing Dean Alford's grand processional hymn—

"Ten thousand times ten thousand, In sparkling raiment bright, Th' armies of the ransomed saints Throng up the steep of light."

While the Superintendent and his assistants were quietly arranging the classes—the music increasing in volume as more and more voices joined in the singing—little flower-wreathed maidens in white, from the primary room, were seen moving about among the palms and blossoming plants, which adorned the terraces back of the pulpit, arranged to represent oriental hanging-gardens.

Walls, apparently of red sandstone and of granite, had sharp projecting angles, with flights of steps, here and there headed with Egyptian vases of terra cotta filled with palms, ferns and blossoms of every hue, while on the walls were tufts of brilliant flowers, which seemed to be pushed up by the luxuriant beneath, and vines trailed over the stonework in a graceful tangle.

The little ones stood in rows upon the walls, with folded hands, while the presence of the Holy Spirit was invoked by the pastor, and then they came noiselessly down, and took their places with the school, dropping roses in the marble font as they passed, while the choir sang Warren's "Fill the Font with Roses."

The Scriptures were read by Mr. L. Curran Clark, the Superintendent, and prayer was offered by Deacon Benchley, after which Barnaby's "O Paradise!" was sung by the Sabbath-school chorus choir. The little ones then gave some movement songs, and recited brief verses of Scripture appropriate to the motto, which was placed upon a panel, as the exercise progressed, with letters of crimson carnations—a motto which taught the great underlying truth of our religion, "God is Love."

Then came the floral exercises by the main school, which was founded upon the seven gardens of the Bible, and was introduced by Haydn's "With Verdure Clad," exquisitely rendered by Mrs. Lewis, the soprano of the church. The representations were: "The Garden of Eden," offering of fruit and flowers; "Canaan, the Garden of the Lord," offering of grapes; "Garden of the Lord's Beloved," offering of roses; "Nathaniel's Garden," offering of figs; "Garden of Gethsemane," offering of thorns and cypress; "Garden of the Sepulchre," offering of lilies; "A Heavenly Garden," offering of palms.

Under these divisions—from Paradise Lost to Paradise Regained—nineteen classes presented emblems with appropriate Scripture, while the terraces were filled with their offerings and thus became richer in beauty than before.

The following fine poem, written by Mrs. F. J. French, who arranged the whole exercise, was read by Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton, standing upon the upper terrace just below the organ, and as her cultured tones came down from the place where palms and roses were reaching upward, as if they would mingle their beauty and fragrance with the never-fading flowers of heaven, the effect was most impressive.

A HEAVENLY GARDEN.

Let me no longer pause beside the grave
Oh Him who died our sinful souls to save.
With faith's clear vision let me soar above,
And seek the risen Lord of Life and Love.
How shall I meet my God! and when? and where?

The eager question dies unanswered on the air.
Let not thy loving glance on me first fall
Athwart the throng that own Thee Lord of All;

Nor bid me from Death's fevered couch arise
To join triumphant choirs of Paradise.
Not where ascends the everlasting psalm,
Not where in triumph waves the Orient palm.

Where angels from thy glory veil the face,
And joy ineffable fills all the place.
Some fair, secluded spot choose thou for me,
Some shaded garden of Eternity;

Alone, my Soul's Redeemer I would meet,
And, lowly kneeling at his pierced feet,
Would to that loving face uplift mine eyes,
And, raptured, wait until he bid me rise.
And shall I walk with thee in stainless white?

I gaze with holy eyes in rapt delight,
Where Saint and Martyr at thy footstool kneel!
Wilt thou to one like me thy grace reveal?

Naught know I, but that, blind, I see;
Naught plead I, save thy love to me;
Nor crave, with one importunate request,
Save that Thou do with me thine own best.

O my Beloved! all the weary years
Have vanished—all their guilt, and pain, and tears
Forever fled—Thy glance hath purified;
Oh, let me ever in Thy courts abide!
Yea, Lord, I follow Thee by waters still;
Unfold Thou to me all Thy holy will.
Teach, as of old, from fruit and wayside flower.

Thy happy child for one long blissful hour,
Now, backward, leading to the gates of light,
No longer trembling, filled with rare delight,
Exultingly I raise the rapturous strain,
While to High Heaven ascends the grand refrain:
And ever yet, athwart that bright array,
Though angel and though seraph swell the lay,
His loving glances ever on me fall—
On me the lowliest child that owns him Lord of All.

Upon one side of the gardens was a tower of defense, after the oriental fashion, apparently a massive structure of stone.

The church choir sang with thrilling effect Luther's stirring choral, "A Mighty Fortress is Our God." And then a watchman appeared near his tower who was met by a white-robed pilgrim, approaching through the trees from the opposite side, bearing in her hands a tall, slender cross of white wood. "Watchman, tell us of the night!" was the pilgrim's cry, and the cheering response was given from the tower.

Words can hardly convey the exquisite effect of this duet, so beautifully sung with the pure, fresh tones of Miss Pearl Noble, and the rich bass voice of Mr. Jansen of the choir, and a more fitting close to the exercises could not have been devised.

Dr. Barrows then introduced, with a few words of welcome, Rev. A. E. Dunning, D.D., whose personal impress is upon the Sunday-school work of the whole country through his efficient connection with the Congregational Publishing Society.

Dr. Dunning's address was an eloquent, poetic blending of the garden theme with the thought of "the new heaven and the new earth" in which the glory of the Lord shall dwell.

The voices of nearly twenty-five hundred people (for crowds were standing in the church) then joined in singing the exalting strains of "Coronation," and Dr. Dunning invoked "the peace of God which passeth all understanding," as he pronounced the benediction. COM.

CENTRAL UNION CHURCH, HONOLULU.

REV. DR. E. G. BECKWITH, PASTOR.

The quarterly Communion of the Lord's Supper was observed in this church on the 14th of April. The season was made memorable by an accession to the membership of fifty-eight persons, twelve by letter, and forty-six on profession. The propounded candidates occupied front seats clear across the church. A majority were youth and children of church families. It was a deeply touching scene and moment as they all stood and took upon them their happy and sacred vows to the Lord's service, and as the pastor in the name of the church moved among them, and gave to each the right hand of fellowship, pronouncing Bible words of blessing and exhortation. Some of the little ones were of very tender age. Several were younger, probably, than any among us had ever seen admitted to full church privileges. These, however, had made as clear, earnest and apparently intelligent statement of faith, love and purpose as had some youth much older. Being children of devout and faithful parents, who will watch and guide them, we do not anticipate in them less persistence in piety than in the others. Our pastor, in whose wisdom and discernment we have great confidence, was earnestly in favor of the course taken. It is from the trained children of Christian homes that a large proportion of the best developed character in the church must be looked for, although in His grace, the Lord converts and rears up many able and holy men and women from non-religious families. Happy are the churches and the pastors who bring in abundant fruit, both from within and from without the church fold!

The house was crowded on this occasion. It was an interesting circumstance that one of the deacons landed from the steamer with his wife just in time to witness the public profession of Christ by two of their daughters. From each of five families two children came together. May it be granted to this favored church that such happy harvest-days shall recur again and again, each successive accession pressing forward as the years go on, to higher, purer, wiser and holier Christian attainments than those who preceded them. So do the churches truly grow and move forward towards the "perfect man in Christ Jesus."—The Friend.

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Children's Department.

OUR FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

Maria Angelica said to me,
"Let's have an esthetic five o'clock tea;
We'll wear faint lilies,
And daffodownillies,
And languish and smile at the company."
"We will not have much to eat," said she;
"A cracker or two and some very weak tea;
And I'll read some stanzas
From ancient romanzas,
And that will be nice for the company."
She invited a hundred and thirty-three;
And when the time came quite ready were
we.
But, I mention with pain,
We were ready in vain,
For not a soul came of the company!
And, somehow or other, it seems to me
That the cracker or two, and the very weak
tea,
And the beautiful stanzas
From ancient romanzas,
Must have come to the ears of the company!
—St. Nicholas.

A HORSE WITH SPECTACLES.

"Say, boys!" said Tom Phelps at recess one Friday, "what do you think we've got in our barn? You never could guess."
"Give us ten guesses?" asked one of the boys.
"Yes, a hundred if you like. I know you would never think of it."

Then the guessing began, and a great many queer things were thought of, but none were right, and, finally, they had to give it up.
"Well," said Tom, laughing, "of course you couldn't guess it, because you never heard of such a thing. It's a horse that wears spectacles."

"Oh!" said all the boys who had gathered around Tom, "that's mean to fool us that way. Didn't think you were joking"; and they were turning away to their games again when he called them back.
"But I am not joking. You know our horse Prince?"

"Yes," came from a dozen boys at once. "Didn't they know him? Hadn't they ridden behind him, filling Mr. Phelps' wagon running over full if ever he chanced to drive along just as school was let out, a hundred times? And hadn't they ridden on his back in the pasture three or four in a row, and tumbled off three or four in a heap, and petted him and given him apples or sugar whenever they saw him? Every boy in Manlius knew Prince, and to know Prince was to love him, for a more intelligent, kind and gentle horse never lived."

"What about Prince?" said several in a breath.
"Why, papa thought he was getting blind. He had always acted as if he couldn't see just right, and so the other day papa took him to a what do you call it?" said Tom, trying to think of the big word he wanted.

"Was it an oculist?" said a voice.
"Yes, sir," answered Tom, for it was the teacher, Mr. Bragdon, who spoke. He had joined the group, and was listening with interest to the news about Prince.

"The man looked at Prince's eyes just the way he would at anybody's and found he was near-sighted, the way some people are. Then he wrote out something to tell how to make spectacles for Prince. Papa had them made and put on a bridle, and Prince wore them yesterday."

"How did he act, Tom, the first time the spectacles were put on?" asked Mr. Bragdon.
"He acted at first as if he was sort of frightened, but it didn't take him long to get used to them, and now we think he likes them."

"Well, that is wonderful!" said Mr. Bragdon, as he turned to go into the school-room; and before recess was over half the boys in the school had agreed to go to Tom's the next morning to see how Prince looked in his spectacles. Mr. Bragdon was invited, too, for the boys all liked him, and thought they always had a better time when he was along.

Bright and early on Saturday morning a troop of jolly boys called for the "teacher," and were tramping gayly up the carriage-road to the Phelps farmhouse, when, who should they see but Tom and his father in the big wagon driving Prince right toward them.

How funny Prince looked with his great goggles, and how the boys laughed! It seemed as if Prince tried to laugh, too, for he shook his mane, and opened his mouth in such a funny way.

"He looks like a professor," said one.
"Or an owl," said another.

"Don't he look awful wise?" said a third.

"Why shouldn't he? He knows more'n any of us," retorted one of Prince's most ardent admirers; and so the talk went on, until Mr. Phelps ordered the visitors to "pile in" and go for a ride. They needed no urging, and their gay laughter, as they went through the quiet town, brought more than one staid body to the window to "see what on air the racket was." No doubt, more than one turned away with a sigh to say, "It's only Deacon Phelps and that parcel o' boys he's so fond of carlin' round with him"; for there are some people who never can endure noisy boys, and there are some of this kind in Manlius, who say Deacon Phelps "might be in better business." But he only laughs in his quiet way, and keeps the same big, warm place in his heart for "the boys."

When the ride was over, Mr. Phelps said, "Now, I'm going to turn Prince out to pasture. Yesterday he acted kind of queer and sorrowful when I took the

bridle off. I wish you would watch him to-day, Mr. Bragdon, and see what you think is the matter."

So, they all waited and watched eagerly to see what Prince would do, and the boys, who were used to his playful ways, were astonished to see him walk slowly part-way across the barn, with his head down, and then stand like a person who is blindfolded, and does not know where to go next.

"I believe he's crying," said little Jack White, in an awed whisper, and I think the boys would not have been much astonished to see real tears drop from his eyes.

"Go on, Prince," said Mr. Phelps, kindly; but he did not stir until taken by the nose and let out-of-doors. Then he walked slowly down the path toward the meadow, the whole group watching him in silence.

"He seems to miss the spectacles," said Mr. Bragdon, after a moment.

"Yes," replied Mr. Phelps, "that's just the way it seems to me."

"Look at him now!" cried the boys; he's coming back!" And, sure enough, Prince had turned and was on his way back to the barn. Slowly he came, went straight by the boys, never stopping for sugar or caresses, to the barn-door, which had been closed, and there he stood whinnying softly.

"He's asking for those spectacles, papa," said Tom, eagerly; "do put them on."

"Yes," said Mr. Bragdon, "why not see what he will do?"

So, the bridle was put on, bit and all, but Prince did not seem to mind the bit. Just as soon as the spectacles were on and fastened he rubbed his nose lovingly against Mr. Phelps' arm, as if to say, "Thank you!" and then kicked up his heels and pranced away down to the pasture in the happiest possible manner.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Mr. Bragdon, "that was what he wanted"; and he and Mr. Phelps talked it all over while the boys ran away to the meadow to have a romp with their four-footed friend.

This is a true story. The horse who wears spectacles is now living, and I'm sure you will all join with me in hoping that he may live to wear them many years.—Sunday-school Visitor.

JOHN G. WHITTIER'S LITTLE DOG AND THE SINGER.

During Mr. Whittier's recent birthday celebration, he was visited among others by Mrs. Julia Houston West, America's most celebrated oratorio singer. After dinner Mrs. West was asked to sing, and seating herself at the piano, she began the beautiful ballad of "Robin Adair," singing it as she can with all the longing and heartbreak of the words and music in her voice. She had hardly begun before Mr. Whittier's pet dog came into the room, and, seating himself by his side, watched her as if fascinated, and listened with a delight unusual in an animal. When she finished, he came and put his paw very gravely into her hand and licked her cheek.

"Robin takes that as a tribute to himself," said Mr. Whittier; "he also is 'Robin Adair.'"

It was true. That was the dog's name, and he evidently considered that he was the hero of the song. From that moment, during Mrs. West's visit, he was her devoted attendant. He kept by her side when she was indoors, and accompanied her when she went out to walk. When she went away he carried her satchel in his mouth to the gate, and saw her depart with every evidence of reluctance and distress.

Another story of which Mrs. West is one of the heroines is good enough to tell here. A few years ago she and Mrs. Flora Barry, the famous contralto, were engaged to sing in the Oratorio of the "Messiah," in one of the inland New England cities. They arrived on the morning of the day on which the Oratorio was to be given, and went at once to a hotel. The small boy, who acted as porter and bell-boy all in one, attended them to the parlor, carrying their traveling bags. Mrs. West, in her most dignified manner, asked that their rooms might be prepared. The boy started out of the parlor, then seemingly impelled by a force that he could not resist, he walked back into the room, surveyed the two ladies with the greatest interest, and suddenly broke out with the question: "Say, be you the show?"—Wide Awake.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

"Mamma," said Alfred, "I prayed three prayers, and the Lord has answered two of them. Do you think he'll answer the other?"

"I think he will, my dear. What were the prayers?"

"One was that he would make you well, and you're not sick any more. Another was that he would make papa more kind."

"Yes, dear. Now, what was the third?"

"I prayed that God would keep us children from quarrelling; but he hasn't answered that yet, for Daisy and I quarreled dreadful to-day."

"Ah, my son, you will have to help the Lord to answer that."

Bertie had just got into a room of his own, and was greatly delighted. He chanced soon after to hear a sermon on Solomon, which had for one of its concluding sentences, "And Solomon slept with his fathers." "Well," announced he on coming home, "I should think that, if Solomon was so rich, he might have had a bed to himself."

THE WHITE HOUSE KITCHEN IN 1862.

Both the steward and the cook had remonstrated with "Master Tad" upon bringing into the kitchen of the White House "such squads of poor, dirty, street urchins to be fed"; and at last Peter said Mrs. Lincoln must be told.

Tad flew into a rage, ran up-stairs to see his mother himself, and on finding her out searched the place for his busy father.

Meanwhile the small objects of his charity waited at the lower door—for Peter had absolutely refused to let them "step inside."

The indignant boy spied his father just crossing the yard, with head bowed, eyes to the ground, talking earnestly to Mr. Seward as they walked to the Department of State together. He cried out to him at once: "Father! father! I can't bring those poor, cold, hungry boys home with me whenever I want to? Isn't it our kitchen?"

By this time Tad had his father by the hand, who stopped short to listen to the frantic appeal.

"Can't I give them a good warm dinner to-day, say? They're just as hungry as bears, and two of 'em are the boys of a soldier, too!—and, father, I'm going to discharge Peter this minute, if he don't get out the meat and chicken and pies and all the things we had left yesterday. Say, mayn't I? Isn't it our kitchen, father?"

Secretary Seward was shaking with laughter. Mr. Lincoln turned to him with a twinkle: "Seward, advise with me. This case requires diplomacy."

Mr. Seward patted Tad on the back and said he must be careful not to run the Government in debt, and the President took Tad's little brown hands in his own big one, and with a very droll smile bid him "run along home, and feed the boys," and added, "Tell Peter that you are really required to obey the Bible by getting in the maimed and the blind, and that he must be a better Christian than he is!"

In less than an hour Mr. Seward said they passed through the yard on their way to the Cabinet meeting, and no less than ten small boys were sitting with Tad on the lower steps, cracking nuts and having a "State Dinner."

Mr. Lincoln remarked that the "kitchen was ours."—May Wide Awake.

FULL, YET ROOM ENOUGH.

"Mamma," said six-year-old Fred, "I can't love God and you both, so I'll choose you."

"Why, my child, what do you mean by saying that you cannot love both?"

"Cause that's what the Sunday-school lesson says; it says that I must love God with all my heart, and there isn't but one 'all' to it, so if I love him with all, there won't be a bit left for you."

Mamma laughed, and only asked Fred to come with her. Going to the cellar, she quietly asked him to help her fill a large pan with potatoes.

"There," said he, piling on the last big fellow, "it's full."

"Full, yet there's room," answered mother, as she next took a bag of beans and commenced to shake them into the big crevices between the potatoes. She poured and shook until a quart or more had disappeared, and the pan was speckled with white.

"Neither is it full yet," she said; and taking up a shovelful of sand, she scattered that over the pan, and it, too disappeared, and another after it.

"Not full yet," she said again, as she took up a cup and began pouring water on the pan; and she poured and poured until several quarts were gone.

"Now, you see how a thing can be full, and yet hold more—of something else. So your heart may be full of the love of God, and plenty of room left for me, and papa, and sister, and play and books."

A NEGRO WEDDING.

A Southern friend gives the *Listener* some reminiscences of his experiences with the colored people. "One of my earliest recollections," he says, "is of a negro wedding in which my father's coachman was one of the chief figures. He was six feet, three inches tall, and had uncommonly large hands. He took it into his head that he would like to have a pair of gloves to wear to the wedding. Of course there were none of his size to be had, but my uncle, who had a capacious palm, brought out him a pair of cavalry gloves, gaudily trimmed with gold lace. These, with a very high collar and red necktie, comprised the salient parts of his attire. His face was so black that a black cat beside it would have looked like a white lamb. The minister began the ceremony with the words, 'Marriage was the first miracle preformed by St. Paul,' and finished with, 'What I and God Almighty have joined together let no man put asunder.' The company not understanding that he was through, he said, with great dignity, 'The ceremony is finished!' This other story, told by the same gentleman, is picturesque: 'One morning I went out very early on a hunting expedition. Meeting an old darkey, I asked him the time of the day. 'Laws, massa,' said he, 'ain't no time; de sun ain't up yet!'—Boston Transcript.

SHE NEVER HAD A PAIR.

Among the many interesting incidents connected with the closing of saloons in Kittanning, Pa., a leading merchant tells the following: A woman came into his store very timidly. She was evidently unaccustomed to trading.

"What can I do for you?" inquired the merchant.

"I want a pair of shoes for a little girl," she answered.

"What number?"

"She is twelve years old."

"But what number does she wear?"

"I do not know."

"But what number did you buy when you bought her last pair for her?"

"She never had a pair in her life. You see, sir, her father used to drink when we had saloons, but now that they are closed, he doesn't drink any more, and this morning he said to me, 'Mother, I want you to go up town to-day and get Sissey a pair of shoes, for she never had a pair in her life.' I thought, sir, if I told you how old she was, you would know just what size to give me."

Oh, it is pitiful that the children of this Republic must be robbed of shoes and bread, that a few idlers may be supported by dealing out rum. The man who gives his influence in favor of the saloons, gives his sanction to this cruel robbery.

HOW THE BOSTON SCHOOL-GIRLS ROAST MEATS.

And now for the lesson in roasting. Suppose we take a calf's heart, and make a dish which for economy and delicacy will be after a few hundred more girls have learned how to prepare it. You must wash the heart thoroughly in cold water to remove the blood, and cut out the veins and arteries. This may not be a pleasant task to every one, still it is no more unpleasant than preparing fowls or game. Make a stuffing with one tablespoonful of bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of chopped onions, one saltspoonful of powdered sage, one half a saltspoonful of salt, and a tiny bit of pepper. This you may moisten with milk or water. After it is prepared put it into the cavity caused by the removal of the arteries, and sew the edges together. Slice an onion and brown it in a tablespoonful of clarified dripping; skim out the pieces of onion, reserving them for use, brown the heart in the seasoned fat, then put it with the onion in a deep dish, and half cover with boiling water. Bake in a hot oven one hour, basting every ten minutes; add more water if necessary. When the heart is done you may make a gravy by thickening the water that is left in the dish with a little flour wet in cold water, just as you did in the nut-gravy. You will find this a very nice occasional dish for dinner, and a very inexpensive one.—Wide Awake.

WHAT TO TEACH OUR BOYS.

Not to tease girls or boys smaller than themselves.

When their play is over for the day, to wash their face and hands, brush their hair and spend the evening in the house.

Not to take the easiest chair in the room and put it directly in front of the fire, and forget to offer it to your mother when she comes to sit down.

To treat their mother as politely as if she were a strange lady who did not spend her life in their service.

To be as kind and helpful to their sisters as to other boy's sisters.

Not to grumble or refuse, when asked to do some errand which must be done, and which otherwise takes the time of some one or other who has more to do than themselves.

To take pride in having their mothers and sisters for their best friends.

To try to find some amusement for the evening that all the family can join in, large and small.

To take pride in being a gentleman at home.

To cultivate a cheerful temper.

To learn to sew on their own buttons.

If they do anything wrong, to take their mothers into their confidence, and, above all, never to lie about anything they have done.—St. Louis Observer.

BUILDING A HOUSE IN SAMOA.

From a profusely illustrated series in the *May Century*, we quote the following: "The negotiations between the skilled and wily carpenter and the prospective Samoan house-owner would amuse, but hardly meet the approval of the business man of to-day. Under the propitiating influences of kava, the necessary presents are produced to induce the carpenter to undertake the construction of a house. It is begun at once, without any terms of agreement, and the work advances until the carpenter thinks more presents necessary, and he ceases work. Additional gifts being made, the carpenter continues the construction until he deems it necessary to demand another contribution, when he again stops work. If the contribution is not forthcoming, labor is suspended on the incompleting house, never to be undertaken for completion by another of the craft; and forever afterwards it remains unfinished, and a public reproach to the good name of the unfortunate owner, who, at the time of its beginning, not knowing what may be the ideas of the carpenter as to the cost of its construction, must either call upon the community for aid, which is generally freely extended, or suffer the humiliation of this unfinished monument."

A BUSINESS VIEW OF IT.—(Chinese Sunday-school)—Teacher (reading): "And Elijah the prophet—do you know what prophet means?"

Scholar: "Yes, me know velly well." Teacher (surprised): "Do you? Well, what is it?"

Scholar: "Me buy sing fi cent, sell fifteen cent, profit ten cent."—Harper's Bazar.

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Miscellany.

A MAY SONG.

All the world's a-bloom to-day!
Neath the blue sky hidden away
Here's a side of rose that rolls
As if apple blossoms' souls
Leaf-imprisoned could not stay
For the very joy of May!
All the world's a-bloom to-day!

All the world's a-bloom to-day!
Cowslips in the south winds sway,
Yellow as with light o'erturn
From the yellow-hearted sun;
Here's the honey-suckle gay,
Here the daisy brimmed with May—
All the world's a-bloom to-day!

All the world's a-bloom to-day!
Bright-winged birds in upper way,
Drowned in mists of blinding blue,
Let their songs to heaven fall through;
Here's the breath of violets—nay,
Here's the very breath of May!
All the world's a-bloom to-day!

—May Wide Awake.

CHINESE BOAT-LIFE.

One of the first sights that strikes the eye of the "globe-trotter," as he approaches Canton on the river steamer, is a forest of poles and a confused brown mass skirting both sides of the stream. The stranger is puzzled. Coming nearer, he finds the river dotted with cradle-like vessels, while others are disentangling themselves from what now appears to be a mass of boats and ships of all shapes and sizes. It is a boat-town that he sees, inhabited by a people who eat, sleep, live and die afloat, and most of whom do not know what a bed on terra firma means. Here we find anchored on the river side streets of boats, shops, restaurants, hotels, concert-rooms and places of amusement, all transportable, in which at least 300,000 beings are born, live, move, and have their being, huddled together, day and night, content with coarse rice, salt fish and weak tea.

THEIR ORIGIN.

Is very obscure. They themselves only know that they exist, and to exist as their fathers did is all they desire. Some native annals assert that they are the descendants of a certain clan that lived 200 years B. C., who rebelled against the Tsin dynasty, and were finally driven from their homes on land and forced to live in boats on the bays and creeks of the delta. A more probable hypothesis is that given in the Canton chronicles, where they are said to be one of the eight aboriginal tribes of Kwang Tung, that inhabited the province before its colonization by the sons of Han, and whose calling was that of fishermen. So little interest have they taken in the past of their tribal life that they have never cared to preserve a pedigree, as other Mongolians do, and are destitute of that reverence for antiquity which so strongly characterizes the Chinese of all classes.

DOWNTRODDEN TRIBE.

They are hated by the Chinese, for what reason no one can tell, as an accursed race—outcast pariahs, with whom the haughty landsman will have no dealings, except on business. When, centuries ago, they were harassed and persecuted by the shore tribes, the Emperor, Yung Ching, of the Ming dynasty, issued an edict, saying he had heard their groans, his paternal heart was open even to them, and proclaimed their emancipation from all the hardships and disabilities under which they had groaned so long. Legally, they are permitted to reside on shore, but there is an inveterate caste feeling—the only instance in China—that a thousand Imperial decrees will never eradicate. They are still debarred from political privileges; they cannot find employment on shore or marry with a land resident; and the presence of a boatman's child at school on shore would be sufficient to put that institution in ceremonial quarantine for twelve months.

PHYSIQUE.

The men are smaller than the Chinese proper, but with a frame of singular muscularity, with a development of chest, acquired by hard rowing. The boatwomen are small, but of good physique. Their plump little figures and, sometimes, pretty, chubby, little faces present a contrast to their bound-footed, pale-faced and, often, scraggy-looking sisters on shore. The girls dress in simple style and grow a fringe of hair across the forehead. The modern "bang" is a Chinese importation. Our Western ladies have even condescended to imitate the Canton sailor-girls' fringe of hair! An English lady, after residing in China, took the fashion home, and it instantly became the rage. Most of these girls, alas! are grossly immoral, especially those who occupy what are called the flower-boats. The husbands and brothers are engaged as sailors on the sea-going and river junks, and on the passage-boats and pleasure-boats that ply for hire along all the great water highways of the province.

THE SAMPAN.

The women remain at home, and occupy a small boat, which, in Canton, is called a sampan, meaning "three boards." These boats ply to and fro on the rivers and canals, much as cars, carriages and coaches do in America, and are almost entirely managed by women. If our readers saw the Canton delta, with its network of canals and creeks, it would be easily understood how much employment there would be for these sampans. Some of the pleasure-boats are very picturesque, being gaily painted and carved, with embroidered curtains, colored lan-

terns and brilliant chandeliers inside. They are fine for a long river journey. I have many times engaged a boat with a crew of six or eight sailors, to take me two hundred miles, for the small sum of two dollars per day.

The boat draws about one foot and a half of water, and can be fitted with mast and sail, which are managed with wonderful dexterity. Our cabin, ten by five feet, occupies the center of the craft. The inside boards are adorned with illuminated scrolls, paintings by native artists, and pictures extracted from ancient editions of the *Illustrated London News* or *Harpers' Bazar*.

BOAT LIFE.

The sampans are strange-looking little boats about fifteen feet long and five or six in breadth. Three-fourths of the boat is covered with an arched roof made of palm leaves, interlaced with bamboo strips, forming an awning impervious to rain and sun. There is an open deck at the bow, just room enough for two rowers. The interior is a little room capable of seating six passengers. At night reserve boards are brought out, the foot-pit is covered over, all superfluous effects are put below, mats are spread over the bare boards, and the whole area is used as a sleeping-place. In the stern of the boat is the kitchen, wash-house, and back room, into which are shoved the babies when the front part is occupied by passengers. In the projecting stern, over the propeller, is a little recess, where sit the household gods and the ancestral altar, before which incense sticks and candles are burning day and night. But what wonderful utilization of space! Poles, oars and boat-hooks are placed on the top of the boat; ropes, anchors and fishing tackle are stowed in the bottom of the boat, and bedding and clothes under the bunk. An earthenware grate, an iron pot and an earthenware kettle are all the culinary utensils they need; a bowl and chopsticks their table service; some brown rice, dried fish and coarse tea their only stores; and, in summer, a cotton coat and pants their only wardrobe. What need have they for storehouse and barn, with the pawnshop near at hand? Content if the family earns fifteen cents a day to buy their frugal meal, a bit of tobacco that costs next to nothing, and a bit of fire wood, they are not anxious about their superfluous wealth. A place in which to be born, eat, sleep, work and die is all that they bargain for in this world; and, as to the other world, all that concerns them is that enough money has been scraped together to buy a coffin that will keep one's body, as they think, from the worms and the cold earth.

A TRIFLE DIRTY.

The Chinese barge has his own ideas of cleanliness, and does not regulate his household by our sanitary standards. He is not particular about consuming an extra peck of dirt. A boiled cockroach or bug does not disturb the peace of his stomach; and tea, made with water collected from canals reeking with filth, does not affect his constitution. He survives, is happy, and is, on the whole, healthier and jollier than the bloated aristocrat on shore, who dresses in purple and fine linen, fares sumptuously, and dies at 40.

Little humanity has our boatman. His neighbor falls into the water and drowns before his eyes, while he complacently smokes his pipe, making no effort to deliver his friend from a watery grave. You remonstrate, and he tells you, with a broad grin, that a water dragon is dragging the man under, and woe is he who attempts to snatch the prey from the monster's clutches.

A NIGHT SCENE.

At night time, during the autumn festivals, the Pearl river at Canton looks very brilliant. I get into my canoe, the *Venetia*, and paddle up the river. The flower-boats are all ablaze with lamps, colored lanterns hang from every boat, long strings of tiny lamps of every hue are run up on poles and along the sides of the boat, tier above tier, till they appear a mass of fire. The whole galaxy of lights is reflected on the shimmering stream, the soft music of the lute comes across the waters, and our canoe glides along, threading its perilous way through long lines of boats anchored close together, peeping in upon this group and that, and gliding under the massive prow of some barge thronged with minstrels and singers. The whole scene is like an "Arabian Nights' Entertainment." All the boat people were familiar with me and my canoe. Many a time have I paddled into their water towns, and preached to them of him who called fishermen to be his first disciples. Many a cargo of books and tracts have I carried up the rivers and canals for distribution among these boat-dwellers. Some of them even wondered, as they saw me paddling about every day, if I, too, did not belong to some outcast boat tribe, whom my fellow-countrymen would not permit to live on shore. God grant that the seeds so prayerfully sown may bring forth a rich harvest of these poor heavy-laden souls, for whom no one cares but Christ and his servants!—*Rev. F. J. Masters in Our Mission.*

PECUNIARY PROFITS OF SCIENCE IN AGRICULTURE.

A recent prize, offered by an Eastern horticultural society for the largest money product from a given area of small fruits, was awarded to a strawberry grower, whose sales from two acres amounted to more than seventeen hundred dollars; and Mr. E. P. Roe, in "Play and Profit in My Garden," has told us how he secured a gross return of slightly more

than two thousand dollars from the same amount of land. In the report of the last annual meeting of the New Jersey Horticultural Society the following are given as some of the yields obtained by its members, "although the season had been uniformly bad": Early Cabbage produced \$435 per acre; early tomatoes, \$585 per acre; asparagus, four acres returned \$900; seven acres, \$1,000; four acres \$200 per acre, and some instances as high as \$300 per acre.

Mr. Peter Henderson tells of an asparagus grower near Atlanta whose crop gave for three successive years a net profit of \$1,500 per acre; and as instance of departures from old methods, cites the case of a farmer residing near Rochester, "who, half a dozen years ago, timidly made the attempt of growing a half-acre of his fifty-acre farm in vegetables for a village market. His venture was so satisfactory that he gradually increased his area, so that now he uses thirty of his fifty acres mostly in growing cabbages for the Rochester market. He further informed me that the net profit from the cabbage garden last year was six thousand five hundred dollars, or a little over two hundred dollars per acre, and that it was not a very good year for cabbages at that." And for the encouragement of those not "to the manor born," the same authority gives the following case as being within his personal observation: "A college-bred man of twenty-eight, failing in health from office work, purchased a farm of sixty acres at Northport, Long Island. The second year he tried a few acres in vegetables and small fruits, which he found sale for in the village of Northport at most satisfactory prices. I was on his farm in the summer of 1883, and I must say that for a man who had got his knowledge almost wholly from books, his venture looked as if it would be a complete success." In the dairy region of Southern Central New York, where the writer's boyhood was passed, and where the chief agricultural attractions consist of a gently undulating landscape and some most enticing trout streams, the general farming community have found themselves compelled to live "rather close to the bone." A rise or fall of a half-cent per quart in the wholesale milk market of New York city may be sufficient to turn the balance from one side to the other of their profit-and-loss account. Yet among their number is a Princeton alumnus, the record of whose work I have recently seen, who, by the application of agricultural science to the growing of crops, the manufacture of ensilage, and the feeding of stock, is enabled to pursue the "even tenor of his way," which is to harvest an annual profit many times in excess of the average three and one-half per cent. of his State.—*Harper's Magazine.*

AMERICA IN ASIA.

"After long and diligent search in a queer, dark, second-hand booth kept by a swarthy Mongol, I was rewarded by the discovery of a product of American genius that partly satisfied my patriotism and served as a tangible proof that New England marks the time to which all humanity keeps step. It was an old second-hand clock, made in Providence, R. I., the battered and somewhat grimy face of which still bore in capital letters the characteristic American legend, 'Thirty Hour Joker.' Mongolia might know nothing of American literature, or of American magazines, but it had made the acquaintance of the American clock; and although this particular piece of mechanism had lost its hands, its 'Thirty Hour Joker' was a sufficiently pointed allusion to the national characteristic to satisfy the most ardent patriot. An American joker does not need hands to point out the merits of his jokes, and this mutilated New England clock, with its empty key-hole eyes and its battered but still humorous visage, seemed to leer at me out of the darkness of that queer old second-hand shop as if to say, 'You may come to Siberia, you may explore Mongolia, but you can't get away from the American joker.' I was a little disappointed not to find in this bazaar some representative masterpiece of American literature, but I was more satisfied a short time afterward when I discovered in a still wider and more remote part of the Trans-Balkal a copy of Mark Twain's 'Life on the Mississippi' and a Russian translation of Bret Harte's 'Luck of Roaring Camp.'—*May Century.*

MIRTHFUL MENTION.

A plain man, says the *National Baptist*, in a prayer-meeting of a church a few miles from Philadelphia, said: "Brethren, we all want the Lord's way to prevail; but we all want to be on the Committee of Way and Means."

AN EXCEPTIONAL CASE.—"George," she said, tenderly, "do you believe in the old saying, 'Out of sight, out of mind?'" "Well, no, not altogether," responded George, hesitatingly. "For instance, take a boil on the back of one's neck."

He was an official member of the church, and people wondered why he was absent during the whole week of prayer. The brother would have been there, only the three different lodges of which he is a member held meetings during the week, and he couldn't go to lodge and church too.—*Lamp of Life.*

Hotel waiter—"You are late for lunch, sir." Eminent physician—"Yes; I had to finish my magazine article on 'The Laws of Health,' so as to get into the next mail. What have you to-day?" "Hot rolls, clams, plum pudding, apple dumplings, mince pie, and fruit cake." "Bring 'em all."—*Omaha World.*

Literary and Educational.

Those who are curious as to the facts concerning the hypothesis of probation extended into the next world, will find Rev. W. De Loss Love's compilation helpful to them. For in "Future Probation Examined" he has gathered the opinions bearing on this subject which are to be found expressed by writers belonging to the three centuries preceding Christ's birth, and by those belonging to the three centuries following that event. The volume into which these testimonies are gathered contains three hundred and twenty-three pages. Dr. Love has endeavored to be comprehensive and candid, and interprets what he finds as well as any man is likely to who has his own view of the proposition to be investigated. He is not a man whose mind is a blank sheet of paper ready to receive any impression. Funk and Wagnalls, New York.

The "Cross Ancient and Modern," by Willson W. Blake, is an illustrated account of the use of the cross as a symbol in many lands and from early times. It is printed on the best of paper and in admirable type. It contains no less than one hundred and four pictures of the cross as used in so many different nations. The use of it is found not merely in the Orient, but among our North and South American peoples. Even the Zunis are levied upon to contribute to the literature and art of this symbol. But of course the cross of the Christian world has quite a different meaning to that which the crossed lines in pre-Christian lands indicated. (A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York. \$1.50.)

The same tasteful publishers send us "Messages for the King's Daughters," or the "Manners of the Court," by Annie Darling. It is a dainty volume, but the manners recommended are not effeminate. (35 cents.)

WHAT A KIND WORD DID.

A kind word has a magic power. Here is a striking incident in which this is shown:

"Sir," said an old man one day to a minister, "would you like to know how it was that I, an old gray-headed sinner, was instrumentally led to become a Christian?"

"Yes," replied the minister, "I would very much like to know."

"Well, sir, I was walking the street one morning, when I met a bright-eyed boy. The little fellow stepped up to me, and in the most polite manner imaginable, said, 'Please, sir, will you take a tract? and please, sir, will you read it?' Now, I had always hated tracts, and when any one offered them to me I generally got angry; and, shame to say it, I sometimes swore dreadfully at them. But that 'please, sir' overcame me that morning. I could not swear at that gentlemanly little fellow, with his kind 'please, sir.' No, no; so I took the tract, and I thanked the boy. As I had promised him that I would read it, I did read it. By God's mercy, the reading of that tract led me to see that I was a sinner. It showed me that Jesus Christ was my only Savior. It was the means of bringing me to Christ. That 'please, sir' was the key that unlocked my hard old heart."

EASY AND SIMPLE.

Mr. Lawrence Oliphant is arranging for the publication of his new work, "Scientific Religion." Eh? What is "Scientific religion"? Well, my son, as it takes Mr. Oliphant's 400 pages to tell that, I don't know that I can tell you in a paragraph. But it is a great improvement of the old kind; oh dear, yes! a great improvement; Mr. Oliphant, the inventor, says so himself, and he ought to know. As I understand it, it sweeps away a great deal of the old rubbish which the world has outgrown, such as the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, the Psalms and Gospels, the Prophecies, Epistles, and Revelation, and one thing and another like that. Oh! it's easy, my boy, it's the easiest thing in the world, to invent a new religion; any fool can do that. It is a thousand times easier to invent a new religion than to live up to the old one; that's the reason why a new one is brought out about every fifteen minutes.—*Burdette.*

Submission of our wills to the divine will is a divine requirement. What a blessed privilege as well as duty to do it! What unspeakable satisfaction it brings to the soul in all of its experiences. Such submission is beautifully presented by Thomas a Kempis. He says: "Give me what Thou wilt, and in what measure, and at what time thou wilt. Do unto me what thou knowest to be best—what best pleaseth thee. Place me where thou wilt, and freely dispose of me in all things." And, still more, he says: "I offer myself in sacrifice; henceforth I have no will save to accomplish Thine." "Not my will, but thine, be done!"

A good old colored brother thus sent word to the Bishop to send a minister out to preach to his church in Alexandria Valley last Sunday: "Send us a Bishop to preach. If you can't send us a Bishop, send a Sliding Elder; if you can't send a Sliding Elder, send us a Stationary Preacher; if you can't send him, send us a Circus Rider; if you can't spare him, send us a Locus Preacher; if you can't spare a Locus Preacher, send us an Exhauster." That settled it, and he got a preacher.—*Anniston Watchman.*

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177

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NEWS BREVITIES.

It is reported that there are now six female police-officers in London and that seven others are about to be appointed.

The Minnesota Legislature has made it a misdemeanor for any newspaper to print more than the mere announcement of a criminal's execution.

Dr. George F. Herrick, a missionary in Turkey, writes to the *Missionary Herald*, "I never yet saw a missionary wife whose companionship did not double her husband's usefulness."

It is a monstrous anomaly that of all the trades which minister to our necessities and tastes, this injurious liquor traffic alone should on a Sunday have an exception made in its favor.—*Mr. J. Stevenson, M. P.*

Ex-President White, of Cornell, has sent to President Adams, from Cairo, an Egyptian papyrus containing chapters from the "Book of the Dead," also one hundred and forty large photographs and a collection of recent books on Egypt.

The 14th anniversary of the battle of Lexington, Mass., was celebrated on the 19th ultimo. About two hundred persons partook of an old-fashioned breakfast served in Massachusetts Hall. Later the Massachusetts Sixth Regiment Association celebrated the anniversary of its march through Baltimore, 1861. General Butler and other well-known veterans attended the reunion.

The W. C. T. U. of Massachusetts knows no defeat in a righteous cause but thanks God that although in the late campaign, 122,907 of the citizens of the State evaded the issue, thus helping to defeat it and although 132,569 voted directly in the interest of the distillery, brewery and saloon, "there were yet 88,149 men in Massachusetts who did not bow the knee to Baal and who can be counted on the side of Home."

A prisoner in Sing Sing tells the warden that he was sentenced to labor, and if he does not get it he will go to court when he gets through, and will find out why. The *Churchman* says in comment: "This is a new point in jurisprudence as well as in psychology, the convict seeking to have his sentence enforced. But it shows in a most impressive way what is the slow, wearing, degrading, and, in fact, intolerable pain of enforced idleness."

In Washington's administration the Postmaster-General had but one clerk. There were only 75 post-offices and 1,875 miles of post roads in the United States. The cost of the mail transportation was \$22,081, the total revenue \$37,935, the total expenditure \$32,140, leaving a surplus of \$5,795. Ex-Postmaster-General Thomas L. James, in the current number of *Scribner's* shows as follows the remarkable growth of our postal service: In 1838 Postmaster-General Barry pointed out the importance of utilizing the railroads in mail transportation. He predicted that the mail would in course of time be carried from Washington to New York in sixteen hours. The service is now performed in about five hours. Postmaster-General Kendall proposed that if wheels could be constructed which could be used alike on railroads and on streets of cities, the mail between Washington and Baltimore could be taken direct to the post-offices of those two cities over the Baltimore and Ohio road. The present railway mail service was not inaugurated until 1864, when it was begun by Colonel Armstrong, authorized and encouraged by Postmaster-General Montgomery Blair, the original idea being that of W. A. Davis, of the St. Joseph, Mo., post-office. The development that it has reached is shown in the fact that in 1888 the 5,094 railway postal clerks traveled 123,798,753 miles, distributed 6,528,772,060 pieces of ordinary mail matter, and handled 16,001,059 registered packages, and over a million through pouches and sacks.

NOTE FROM EVANGELIST BURNELL.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.,
April 29, 1889.

EDITORS PACIFIC: In making my seventeenth trip across the Rocky mountains I have two days in New Mexico's principal city, Albuquerque. In going out last September, a leading train having been taken off the D. & R. G., we came into Los Angeles, Sunday morning, the first time that we have infringed upon the sacred hours. We were in time for the morning service at the Congregational Church. Our time had been ample, except for the train just taken off. To leave Chicago the first train after the Sabbath, schedule time, gives any railroad point in California before the following Sabbath.

The half-dozen churches and Sunday-schools in Albuquerque are rendering effective service. The Y. M. C. A. and the W. C. T. U. are efficient. The Presbyterians have a promising mission among the Indians, and the school under the direction of the Government is a positive agency for good. The Methodists have a college that promises. The Congregationalists have a very complete cut-stone foundation for a \$10,000 church. Last Sabbath night Union Temperance meetings were held on the opposite sides of the city, all churches uniting. It was refreshing to see the spirit, warmth and oneness of the good people co-operating with the W. C. T. U. in crushing out intemperance. Time for train,

K. A. BURNELL.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON, MAY 26.

MARK XIV: 42-54.

BY REV. H. E. JEWETT.

JESUS BETRAYED.

I. When? "Straightway"—just as Jesus had aroused the sleeping three disciples, Peter, James and John. The procession of events was moving rapidly by day and by night. This betrayal took place between one and three o'clock Friday morning, the very day of the crucifixion.

II. Where? In Gethsemane, an olive orchard or garden across the brook Kidron, at the foot of the Mount of Olives. It was provided with an olive press for extracting the "olive oil," and, while quite near to Jerusalem, was very secluded. At the present day a small portion of this "garden" is enclosed within high stone walls, and contains eight old olive trees, "each of which pays a particular tribute, which goes up to the time of the capture of Jerusalem by the Saracens, A. D. 636."

Gethsemane, the scene of Christ's bitter agony, of his utter desolation, of his betrayal! Who can tread its hallowed ground, or read its very name, without entering into sympathy with the Divine sufferer? Even the cross can arouse no sadder thoughts than Gethsemane. In the garden Christ's soul was in the thick of the conflict. On the cross he could exclaim, "It is finished."

III. How? By consummate villainy. Under cover of night, under cover of military protection. As if the full moon might veil her face in sorrow, these brave Roman soldiers and fierce Jewish priests provided torches, by whose light they might hunt the darkest caverns for the man they supposed would flee upon their first approach. "Their excessive preparation would have the effect (on the common people) of creating the presumption that Jesus must be a very great criminal." How was Christ betrayed? Under cover of friendship. A man with a heart of stone, in whose pocket were sixteen dollars and a half, the price of the betrayal; a man who had sold himself to the enemies of his best friend, and had led them to this very spot for the purpose of delivering up his Master to them, steps out from among them, advances as if, out of love, to warn him of danger, kisses him tenderly, and by the act betrays his holy Master to be crucified. How was Christ betrayed? Hypocritically, and of not a few among us Matthew Henry's words may be spoken: "Many betray Christ with a kiss and *Hail, Master*, who, under pretense of doing him honor, betray and undermine the interests of his kingdom."

IV. By whom betrayed? Judas Iscariot, "one of the twelve," yet called a *devil*, John vi: 70; a *thief*, John xii: 6; and a *son of perdition*, John xii: 12. Why was he chosen by Christ to be a disciple? We note several explanations: (1) "That Christ had not known him from the beginning"; (2) or "that he had chosen him to become the voluntary instrument of judgment, and the involuntary instrument of salvation"; (3) or that, "carried away by temporary enthusiasm, Judas had offered himself to the Lord; that the disciples, blinded by his glowing zeal, had earnestly recommended him to the Master; and that in the fullness and boldness of his love, Christ had consented to receive a man so richly gifted by nature, chiefly because his refusal might have proved a stumbling-block to the disciples"; (4) or more correctly, it seems to us, *we do not know*.

A lesson for us "not to indulge a vain reliance in the mere external fellowship of Christ."

V. To whom betrayed? To his enemies, of whom the Sanhedrim, or Supreme Council of seventy, contained the most bitter and malignant. How determined they were appears in the trial of Jesus, which is the subject of study in the lesson to follow this.

VI. For whom betrayed? "He was delivered for our offences." Judas little thought of the great multitude to be redeemed by a crucified Saviour; yet, unconsciously, he was an instrument used by God for leading to the Cross our perfect sacrifice for sin. The final act in Christ's earthly sufferings opens in Gethsemane and closes on Calvary. "He was bruised for our iniquities."

VII. Incidents of the betrayal. 1. Impulsive Peter could not see the Roman soldiers lay their hands upon his Master, and keep quiet. He had looked out to provide himself with a sword, and in his excitement aimed so poorly that, instead of killing a high priest, he mutilated the ear of the priest's servant. This act, justifiable under ordinary circumstances, if not reproved then, would commit Jesus to the policy of resistance, who might have had the assistance of twelve legions of angels, but refused it. He could not accept Peter's unwise resistance of Roman military power. He was to die—not overcome like John Brown, after a fierce encounter with organized government, but as a willing sacrifice for the sins of the world.

2. Peter and the rest forsook him and fled. Christ alone retained his courage. 3. A young man, evidently not an apostle, and by some supposed to be Mark himself, while following the crowd, was laid hold of by "the young men," as the Roman soldiers were sometimes called, but escaped. Why this incident is mentioned (by Mark alone) is not satisfactorily accounted for. Barnes thinks it shows that the orders were to arrest the disciples as well as Jesus, and that the young man was mistaken for one of the twelve. Barnes accounts for the

limited amount of clothing worn by the young man by saying "he was roused from sleep and probably threw around him what was most convenient. They slept in linen bed-clothes commonly, and he seized a part of the clothes and hastily threw it around him."

4. Peter, one of the trusted three, one of the sleeping three, the rash, bold wielder of the sword, one of the frightened eleven, could not forsake his Lord utterly. He followed him afar off, and even entered the high priest's palace, to watch the trial. He may fall, but he will rise again. Judas may hang himself, but Peter will suffer crucifixion for Jesus' sake. Of Judas Christ may say, "It were good for that man that he had never been born," but to Peter he will say, "Feed my sheep! feed my lambs!" He could not say this to one he did fully trust.

MOKELEUMNE ASSOCIATION.

The Mokeleumne Association met with the Congregational church at San Andreas, May 6th, at 10:45 A. M. The Association was called to order by the Moderator, Rev. A. K. Crawford. Devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. D. Goodsell. In the absence of the Clerk, Rev. W. J. Peters was appointed Scribe pro tem.

Letters of regret for absence were read from Revs. J. L. Burchard, J. W. Kuykendall, John Thompson, L. T. Mason and W. P. Duncan. Our worthy Superintendent of Home Missions, Rev. J. H. Warren, D. D., was invited to sit as Corresponding member. The Moderator appointed Committees on Credentials, Sister A. L. Wyllie, Rev. D. Goodsell and Mrs. George L. Brown; on Resolutions, Revs. D. Goodsell, W. J. Peters and Mr. George L. Brown.

After intermission the Association was called to order by the Moderator, at the house of Sister Reddick. Devotional exercises were led by Dr. Warren. Prayer was offered by Brother Brown. The Association was much encouraged by the remarks of Dr. Warren on John, 14th chapter.

The following churches reported present condition: Copperopolis, by Rev. A. P. Field and Dr. Warren. A hymn was sung and prayer was offered especially for Copperopolis. The church at Angels, by Rev. D. Goodsell and Dr. Warren and Sister C. K. Sanger. A hymn was sung, Douglas Flat, by Brother S. H. Perry. From Modesto, by Rev. W. J. Peters. A hymn was sung, and prayer by Rev. A. P. Field. The churches at Stockton, Lodi, Galt, Lockford and Turlock by Dr. Warren. From West Point, by George L. Brown and Rev. A. K. Crawford. The churches at Sheep Ranch and Mokeleumne Hill, including Glencoe, Rich Gulch and El Dorado, by Rev. A. K. Crawford. The church at San Andreas, by Sister A. L. Wyllie. Historical sketch of the church at San Andreas by Dr. Warren and Rev. A. K. Crawford. Hymn, "The Morning Light is Breaking" and prayer. The Association adjourned to meet at the church to listen to Rev. W. J. Peters talk on Utah and Mormonism.

Tuesday, the Association met at the House of Sister Reddick at 9:30 A. M. Devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. A. P. Field; prayer was offered by Rev. W. J. Peters; words of encouragement were spoken by Rev. Field and Dr. Warren, and prayer by Sister Foster. A resolution on the observance of the Sabbath was adopted, as follows:

"Resolved, That this Association place itself in hearty sympathy with all efforts to secure a better observance of the Sabbath, that we hereby extend our fellowship, our prayers and co-operation to Rev. Wilbur Crafts, Secretary of the National Sabbath Union, and that we invite him to labor one day, or longer, as he may see fit, in presenting this cause in our country, and we recommend that Rev. A. K. Crawford extend this invitation to Mr. Crafts; also,

"Resolved, That this Association hereby express its sympathy with the work of the American Bible Society, and that we not only advise a collection in churches for the Society, but that we co-operate with the Society in placing a Bible in every home, and we call the attention of the Secretary, John Thompson, to our destitution, and we crave large indulgence for these families who are unable to purchase Bibles; that we authorize Dr. Warren to present those resolutions, and plan more fully for this work."

Rev. Dr. Warren was elected as delegate to represent the Association before the National Council; Rev. Dr. Goodsell, alternate.

A resolution with reference to the postponement of the General Association was adopted; viz, "It is the sense of this Association that a postponement of the meeting of the General Association of California be made in accordance with the plan of the Business Committee, and we accord to the Home Missionary Committee and the Registrar the power to set the time."

An important essay, prepared by Rev. L. T. Mason, was very effectively read by Sister A. L. Wyllie; subject, "The Moral Force of the Public Schools." It was ably discussed by Revs. D. Goodsell, Dr. Warren, A. K. Crawford, W. J. Peters and Sister A. L. Wyllie. Sister A. L. Wyllie and Rev. A. K. Crawford were appointed a committee to secure placards or mottoes against profanity, and that they exercise themselves as in their minds may seem best in placing copies in every school-room in the county. A vote of thanks was extended to Sister Reddick for her hearty hospitality. Adjourned to meet at the church at 1:30 P. M.

The Association was called to order by

the Moderator at 1:30 P. M. in the church. Devotional exercises were conducted by Dr. Warren. Minutes were read and approved. Rev. A. P. Field was appointed unanimously to preach the Gospel for a term of three years. Revs. J. W. Brier, D. Goodsell and W. J. Peters were enrolled as members of the Association. The following committee were appointed to arrange the exercises in connection with the dedication of the church at 8 P. M.: Rev. Dr. Warren, Rev. A. K. Crawford and Sister A. L. Wyllie. A very impressive essay on "Christian Union" was read by Rev. D. Goodsell followed by discussion. On motion of Dr. Warren, voted to send the essay for publication in THE PACIFIC. Sister C. K. Sanger read an earnest and quickening paper on "Home Missions." A very spirited essay on "How to bring the child to Christ," was given by Rev. A. K. Crawford, which provoked an earnest discussion.

"Resolved, On account of the importance of the question, that the essay be sent for publication in THE PACIFIC."

The following resolution on temperance was adopted:

"Resolved, That this Association express itself as in hearty sympathy with all efforts to curtail the evil influences of strong drink, and that we will pray and labor as God may indicate to prohibit the manufacture and sale of all intoxicating liquors."

Sister Foster earnestly addressed the Association on the resolution.

A resolution was adopted extending the hearty thanks of the Association to the people of San Andreas for their bountiful hospitality; also, that inasmuch as it has come to the knowledge of this Association that our Brother, Rev. R. H. Thomas is seriously afflicted, therefore,

"Resolved, That we hereby extend our heartfelt sympathy to our brother in this hour of affliction, and we pray that the God of all consolation and Father of mercies will comfort and restore him to his former health, and spare him long among us for further usefulness."

Voted to meet for the next semi-annual convention in Stockton. The Association adjourned with singing of the hymn, "Blest be the tie that binds," and Doxology by Rev. W. J. Peters.

In the evening the largest company of people seen for a long time in attendance upon religious services in San Andreas assembled in their beautiful new church to dedicate it to the worship of God. There was good singing; a very strong and impressive sermon by Dr. Warren, from the text Jer. xxxii: 7, 8, 9, 10, which commanded the close attention of all present. At the close of the sermon the Lord's Supper was administered by Rev. D. Goodsell and Rev. W. J. Peters. Seven persons have signified their desire to unite with the Church immediately, and four children will be presented for baptism at the next service. The meeting of the Association has been a great stimulus to the religious work in the district, and has greatly strengthened and united the Christian people in the whole region. Owing to the prevalence of the most severe storm of the season, many who lived some distance away were unable to reach San Andreas, which somewhat "dampened" for a time the enthusiasm which numbers give; but the presence of the Holy Spirit was plainly manifest during the three days of the meeting, and we shall see fruit gathered in due season from the seed sown.

W. J. PETERS, Scribe pro tem.

General Miles is reported to have stated to the Committee of United States Senators who have been visiting our city that "he would estimate, rather roughly, that \$25,000,000 would be sufficient to make the entire Coast defenses all that could be desired. This amount need not all be appropriated at once, but fully that sum would be needed for the completion of the work." "Possibly," the General said, "some of this expenditure would, by reason of improvements in ordnance, in time be considered as wasted, but no one can anticipate the future in affairs of this sort any more than in political or other affairs." Such is the General's estimate, and that "fully that sum would be needed." Government estimates, over and over again, have to be doubled when they become expenditures. So here, very likely, is room to swallow up \$50,000,000 of the dear people's money. The General says that, by reason of improvements, some of this expenditure may be considered as wasted, "but no body can anticipate." How much already expended is now regarded as of no account!

Millions have been expended on our Coast defenses, on forts, ordnance, etc., which are to-day worthless. And now, we must put millions more in the same bottomless pit. But it furnishes labor, we are told, and puts money in circulation. But it is the people's money, and we like to circulate our own money. We could circulate much more than we have, without being obliged to hand it over to the Government to pay for Coast defenses which will soon be out of date, and where there is so little need of defense, any way.

Oh, how much good \$50,000,000 might do! What needful ways for money without a doubt of the certain splendid results. Education, internal improvements, religion give sure returns for money expended. We need a decent postoffice in this city, but at the present rates we middle-aged men will hardly live to see such a building. But foreign fashions are all the go. England and Germany have great armies and navies and expensive Coast defenses, and so must we. Nonsense!

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